THE

PLEASANT HISTORIE OF

the two angrie women of *Abington*.

With the humorous mirthe of *Dick Coomes* and *Nicholas Proverbes* two Seruingmen.

As it was lately playde by the right Honorable the Earle of Nottingham, Lord high Admirall his seruants.

By Henry Porter Gent.

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The Prologue.

GEntlemen, I come to yee like one that lackes and would borrow, but was loth to aske least he should be denyed: I would aske, but I would aske to obteine: O vvould I knew that manner of asking: to beg vvere base, and to cooche low and to carrie an humble shew of entreatie, were too Dog-like that favvnes on his maister to get a bone from his Trencher: out Curre I cannot abide it, to put on the shape and habit of this nevv vvorlds nevv found beggars, mistermed Souldiers, as thus: svveet Gentlemen, let a poore Scholler implore and exorate, that you would make him riche in the possession of a mite of your favours, to keepe him a true man in vvit, and to pay for his lodging among the Muses: so God him helpe he is driuen to a most lovve estate, tis not vnknowne what seruice of words

hee hath beene at, hee loſt his limmes in a late conflict of floute, a braue repulſe and a hotte aſſault it was, he dooth proteſt, as euer he ſawe ſince he knew what the report of a volley of Ieſts were, he ſhall therefore deſire you: A plague vpon it, each Beadle diſdained, would whip him from your company. Well Gentlemen, I cannot tell how to get your fauours better then by deſert: then the worſe lucke, or the worſe vvit or ſomevvhat, for I ſhall not novve deſerue it. Well then, I commit my ſelfe to my fortunes, and your contents, contented to die, if your ſeuere iudgements ſhall iudge me to be ſtung to death vvith the Adders hiſſe.

The pleasant Comedy of the two angrie Women of Abington.

Enter Maister Goursey and his wife, and Maister Barnes and his wife, with their two sonnes, and their two seruants.

Maister Goursey.

GOod maister *Barnes*, this entertaine of yours,
So full of courtesie and riche delights
Makes me misdoubt my poore abilitie,
In quittance of this friendly courtesie.

M. Bar. O maister *Goursie*, neighbour amitie,
Is such a iewell of high reckoned worth:
As for the attaine of it, what would not I
Disburse, it is so pretious in my thoughts.

M. Gor. Kinde sir, neere dwelling amitie indeed,
Offers the hearts enquirie better view,
Then loue thats seated in a farther soile,
As prospectiues he neerer that they be,
Yeeld better iudgement to the iudging eye,
Things seene farre off, are lessened in the eye,
When their true shape is seene being hard by.

M. Bar. True sir, tis so, and truly I esteeme
Meere amitie, familiar neighbourhood,
The cousen germaine vnto wedded loue.

M. Gor. I sir, there surely some aliance twixt them,
For they haue both the off-spring from the heart,
Within the hearts bloud Ocean still are found,

Iewels of amitie, and Iemmes of loue.

M. Bar. I maister *Gourſey*, I haue in my time,
Seene many ſhipwracks of true honeſtie,
But incident ſuch dangers euer are,
To them that without compaſſe ſaile ſo farre.
Why what need men to ſwim when they may wade?
But leaue this talke, enough of this is ſayd,
And Maiſter *Gourſey*, in good faith ſir welcome:
And miſtreſſe *Gourſey*, I am much in debt,
Vnto yout kindnes that would viſit me.

Miſ. Gou. O maiſter *Barnes*, you put me but in minde,
Of that which I ſhould ſay, tis we that are
Indebted to your kindnes for this cheere:
Which debt that we may repay, I pray lets haue
Sometimes your company, at our homely houſe.

Miſ. Bar. That miſtreſſe *Gourſie* you ſhall ſurely haue,
Heele be a bould gueſt I warrant yee,
And boulder too with you, then I would haue him.

Miſ. Gou. How do ye meane he will be bould with me?

Miſ. Bar. Why he will trouble you at home forſooth,
Often call in, and aske yee how yee doe:
And ſit and chat with you all day till night,
And all night to, if he might haue his will.

M. Bar. I wife indeed, I thanke her for her kindnes,
She hath made me much good cheere paſſing that way.

Miſ. Bar. Paſſing wel done off her, ſhe is a kind wench,
I thanke yee Miſtreſſe *Gourſey* for my husband:
And if it hap your husband come our way
A hunting, or ſuch ordinary ſports,
Ile do as much for yours, as you for mine.

M. Gou. Pray do forſooth, Gods Lord what means the woman,
She ſpeakes it ſcornfully, I faith I eare not,
Things are well ſpoken, if they be well taken.
What miſtreſſe *Barnes*, is it not time to part?

Miſ. Bar. Whats a clocke ſyrra?

Nicholas. Tis but new ſtrucke one.

M. Gou.

M. Gou. Ihaue ſome buſines in the towne by three.

M. Bar. Till then lets walke into the Orchard ſir. What can you play at Tables?

M. Gou. Yes, I can.

M. Bar. What, ſhall we haue a game?

M. Gou. And if you pleaſe.

M. Bar. I faith content, weele ſpend an hower ſo: Syrra fetch the Tables.

Nich. I will ſir. *Exit.*

Phil, Sirra *Franke,* whilſt they are playing heere, Weele to the greene to Bowles.

Fra. Phillip content, *Comes* come hether ſirra, When our Fathers part, call vs vpon the Greene. *Phillip* come, a rubbers and ſo leaue.

Phi. Come on. *Exeunt.*

Comes. Sbloud, I do not like the humor of theſe Springals, theil ſpend all their Fathers good at gamming: But let them trowle the Bowles vppon the Greene, Ile trowle the bowles in the Buttery, by the leaue of God and maiſter *Barnes:* and his men be good ſellowes, ſo it is, if they be not, let them goe ſneik vp.

Enter Nicholas *with the Tables.* *Exit.*

M. Bar. So ſet them downe, Miſtreſſe *Gourſey* how do you like this game?

Miſ. Gou. Well ſir.

M. *Bar.* Can yee play at it?

Miſ. Gou. A little ſir.

M. Bar. Faith ſo can my wife.

M. Gou. Why then maiſter *Barnes,* and if you pleaſe, Our wiues ſhall trie the quarrell twixt vs two, And weele looke on.

M. *Bar.* I am content, what women will you play?

Miſ. Gou. I care not greatly.

Miſ. Bar. Not I, but that I thinke ſheele play me falſe.

M. *Gou.* Ile ſee ſhe ſhall not.

Miſ. Bar. Nay ſir, ſhe will be ſure you ſhall not ſee.

You of all men shall not marke her hand,
She hath such close conueyance in her play.
M.Gor. Is she so cunning growne, come, come, lets see.
Mis.Gour. Yea mistris *Barns*, wil ye not house your iests,
But let them rome abroad so carelesly?
Faith, if your iealious toung vtter another,
Ile crosse yee with a iest, and yee were my mother,
Come shall we play?
Mis.Bar. I, what shall we play a game?
Mis.Gour. A pound a game.
M. Gour. How wife?
Mis.Gour. Faith husband, not a farthing lesse.
M.Gour. It is too much, a shilling were good game.
Mis.Gour. No, weell be ill huswiues once,
You haue beene oft ill husbands, lets alone.
M.Bar. Wife, will you play so much?
Mis.Bar. I would be loath to be so francke a gaimster
As mistresse *Goursey* is, and yet for once
Ile play a pound a game aswell as she.
M.Bar. Go to, youle haue your will. *Offer to go from them.*
Mis.Bar. Come, ther's my stake.
Mis.Gour. And ther's mine.
M.Bar. Throw for the Dice: Ill luck then they are yours
M.Bar. Maister *Goursey*, who sayes that gamings bad,
When such good Angels walke twixt euery cast?
M.Gour. This is not noble sport, but royall play.
M.Bar. It must be so, where royals walke so fast.
Mist.Bar. Play right I pray.
Mist. Gour. Why so I doe.
Mis.Bar. Where stands your man?
Mis.Gour. In his right place.
Mis.Bar. Good faith, I thinke, ye play me foule an ase.
M.Bar. No wife, she playes yee true.
Mis.Ba. Peace husband, peace, ile not be iudged by you,
Mis.Gou. Husband, maister *Barnes*, pray both go walke.
We cannot play, if standers by doe talke.

M.Gour

M. Gou. Well to your game, we will not trouble ye.
Go from them.

Mis. Gou. Where ſtands your man now?

Mis. Bar. Doth hee not ſtand right?

Mis. Gou It ſtands betweene the poynts.

Mis. Bar. And thats my ſpight.
But yet me thinkes the dice runnes much vneuen,
That I throw but dewes aſe and you eleuen.

Mis. Gou. And yet you ſee that I caſt downe the hill,

Mis. Bar. I, I beſhrow ye, tis not with my will.

Mis. Gou. Do ye beſhrow me?

Mis. Bar. No I beſhrow the dice,
That turne you vp more at once, then me at twiſe.

Mis. Gou. Well, you ſhall ſee them turne for you anon.

Mis. Bar. But I care not for them when your game is (don.

Mis. Gou. My game, what game?

Mis. Bar. Your game, your game at tables.

Mis. Go. Wel miſtreſſe, wel, I haue red *Æſops* fables,
And know your morrals meaning well ynough.

Mis. Bar. Loe, you'l be angrie, now heres good ſtuffe

M. Gou. How now women, who hath won the game?

Mis. Gou. Nobodie yet.

M. Bar. Your wife's the faireſt for't,

Mis. Bar. I in your eye.

Mis. Gou. How do you meane?

Mis. Bar. He holds you fairer for't then I.

Mis. Gou. For what forſooth?

Mis. Bar. Good gameſter, for your game.

M. Bar. Well, trie it out, t'is all but in the bearing.

Mis. Bar. Nay if it come to bearing, ſhe'l be beſt,

Mis. Gou. Why, you'r as good a bearer as the reſt.

Mis. Bar. Nay that's not ſo, you beare one man too

Mis. Gou. Better do ſo then beare not any. (many.

M. Bar. Beſhrow me, but my wiſes ieſtes growe too
Plainer ſpeeches for her were more better, (bitter.
Malice lies inbowelled in her tongue,
And new hatcht hate makes euery ieſt a wrong.

Mis. Gou. Looke ye Mistresse now I hit ye.
Mis. Bar. Why I, you neuer vse to misse a blot,
Especially when it stands so faire to hit.
Mis. Gou. How meane ye mistresse *Barnes*?
Mis. Bar. That Mistresse *Gourse*'s in the hitting vaine,
Mis. Gou. I hot your man.
Mis. Bar. I, I, my man, my man, but had I knowne,
I would haue had my man stood nearer home,
Mis. Gou. Why had ye kept your man in his right place,
I should not then haue hit him with an ase.
Mis. Bar. Right by the Lord, a plague vpon the bones.
Mis. Gou. And a hot mischiefe on the curser too.
M. Bar. How now wife?
M. Gou. Why whats the matter woman?
Mis. Gour. It is no marter, I am.
Mis. Bar. I, you are.
Mis. Gou. What am I?
Mis. Bar. Why thats as you will be euer.
Mis. Gou. That's euery day as good as *Barneses* wife.
Mis. Bar. And better too, thē what needs al this trouble?
A single horse is woorse then that beares double.
M. Bar. Wife go to, haue regard to what you say,
Let not your words passe foorth the veirge of reason:
But keepe within the bounds of modestie,
For ill report doth like a Bailiffe stand,
To pound the straying, and the wit-lost tongue,
And makes it forfeit into follies hands.
Well wife, you know it is no honest part,
To entertaine such guests with iestes and wrongs.
What will the neighbring countrie vulgar say,
When as they heare that you fell out at dinner?
Forsooth they'l call it a pot quarrell straight,
The best they'l name it, is a womans iangling:
Go too, be rulde, be rulde.
Mis. Bar. Gods Lord, be rulde, be rulde
What, thinke ye I haue such a babies wit,
To haue a rods correction for my tongue?

Schoole infancie, I am of age to ſpeake,
And I know when to ſpeake, ſhall I be chid for ſuch a?
Miſ. Gou. What a? nay Miſtreſſe ſpeake it out,
I ſcorne your ſtopt compares, compare not me
To any but your equals, miſtreſſe *Barnes*,
M. Gou. Peace wife be quiet.
M. Bar. O perſwade, perſwade.
Wife, miſtreſſe *Gourſey*, ſhall I winne your thoughts
To compoſition of ſome kind effects?
Wife, if you loue your credit leaue this ſtrife,
And come ſhake hands, with miſtreſſe *Gourſey* here,
Miſ. Bar. Shal I ſhake hands? let her go ſhake her heeles,
She gets nor hands, nor friendſhip at my hands,
And ſo ſir while I liue I will take heed,
What gueſts I bid againe vnto my houſe.
M. Bar. Impatient woman, will you be ſo ſtiffe in this abſurdnes?
Miſ. Bar. I am impatient now I ſpeake,
But ſir Ile tell you more another time,
Go too, I will not take it as I haue done.
Exit
Miſ. Gou. Nay, ſhe might ſtay I will not long be heere,
To trouble her: well maiſter *Barnes*,
I am ſorrie that it was our happes to day,
To haue our pleaſures parted with this fray,
I am ſorrie too for all that is amiſſe,
Eſpecially that you are moou'de in this,
But be not ſo, t'is but a womans iarre,
Their tongues are weapons, words there blowes of war,
T'was but a while we buffetted you ſaw,
And each of vs was willing to withdraw,
There was no harme nor bloudſhed you did ſee:
Tuſh, feare vs not, for we ſhall well agree.
I take my leaue ſir, come kind harted man,
That ſpeakes his wife ſo faire, I now and than,
I know you would not for an hundreth pound,
That I ſhould heare your voyces churliſh ſound.

I knowe

I know you haue a farre more milder tune
Then peace, be quiet wife, but I haue done:
Will ye go home? the doore directs the way,
But if you will not, my dutie is to stay.

M. Bar. Ha, ha, why heres a right woman, is there not?
They both haue din'de, yet see what stomacks they haue.

M. Gou. Well maister *Barnes*, we cannot do with all,
Let vs be friends still.

M. Bar. O maister *Goursey*, the mettell of our minds,
Hauing the temper of true reason in them,
Affoorde a better edge of argument.
For the maintaine of our familiar loues,
Then the soft leaden [illegible] women can,
Wherefore with all the parts of neighbour loue,
I impart my sense to maister *Goursey*.

M. Gou. And with exchange of loue I do receiue it,
Then here weell part partners of two curst wiues.

M. Bar. Oh where shall wee find a man so blest that is not,
But come, your businesse and my home affaires,
Makes me deliuer that vnfriendly word mongst friends,
Twentie farewels sir. (farewell.

M. Gou. But harke ye maister *Goursey*,
Looke ye perswade at home as I will do,
What man, we must not alwaies haue them foes.

M. Gou. If I can helpe it.

M. Bar. God helpe, God helpe,
Women are euen vntoward creatures stil. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philip Francis and his boy from bowling.

Phil. Come on franke *Goursey*, you haue had good lucke to winne the game.

Fran. Why tell me, ist not good, that neuer playd before vpon your greene.

Phil. T'is good, but that it cost me ten good crownes that makes it worse.

Fran. Let it not greeue thee man, come ore to vs,
We will deuise some game to make you win
Your money backe againe sweet *Philip*.

Phil.

And that shall be ere long and if I liue,
But tell mee *Francis*, what good horses haue yee to hunt this Sommer?

Fra. Two or three Iades or so.

Phil. Be they but Iades?

Fran. No faith my wag string here
Did founder one the last time that he rid,
The best gray Nag that euer I laid my le[g]

Boy. You meane the flea bitten,

Fran. Good sir the same.

Boy. And was the same the best [h]orse on?

Fran. I was it sir. *Boy* [I] [s]ir,

Fran. No, where had I o[ne]

Boy. One of my colour

Fran. One of your colour [h]im, one of that colour. *Boy* O[n]ron,

Fran. Whats that ye call compl[e]xion.

Boy. The colour sir.

Fran. Set me a colour on your iest, or I will

Boy. Nay good sir hold your hands.

Fran. What, shal we haue it?

Boy. Why sir I cannot paint. *Fran.* Well then, I can, and I shall find a penfill for yee sir.

Boy. Then I must finde the table if you do.

Fran. A whoresen barren wicked vichen,

Boy. Looke how you chafe, you would be angry more if I should tell it you.

Fran. Go to, Ile anger ye and if you do not.

Boy. Why sir, the horse that I do meane,
Hath a leg both straight and cleane,
That hath nor spauen splint nor flawe,
But is the best that euer ye saw,
A pretie rising knee O knee,
It is as round as round may be,
The full flanke makes the buttock round,
This palfray standeth on no ground,

When as my maister's on her backe,
If that he once do say but, ticke:
And if he pricke her, you shall see
Her gallop amaine, she is so free,
And if he giue her but a nod,
She thinkes it is a riding rod:
And if he haue her softly go,
Then she trippit like a Doe,
She comes so easie with the raine,
A twine thred turnes her backe againe,
And truly I did neere see yet,
A horse play prettier on the bit,
My maister with good managing,
brought her first vnto the ring,
He likewise taught her to coruet,
To runne and gallop iust to set,
Shee's cunning in the wilde goose race,
Nay shee's apt to euery pace,
And to prooue her colour good,
A flea enamourd of her blood,
Dig'd for chanels in her necke,
And there made many a crimson specke,
I thinke theres none that vse to ride,
But can her pleasant trot abide,
She goes so euen vpon the way,
She will not stumble in a day,
And when my maister.

Fran. What do I?

Boy, Nay nothing sir.

Phil. O Fie *Franke* fie,
Nay, nay, your reason hath no iustice now,
I must needs say, perswade him first to speake,
Then chide him for it, tell me prettie wag,
Where stands this prawncer, in what Inne or stable?
Or hath thy maister put her out to runne,
Then in what field, what champion feeds this courser?

This

This well paſſe bonnie ſteed that thou ſo praiſeſt.

Boy. Faith ſir I thinke.

Fran: Villaine, what do ye thinke?

Boy. I thinke that you ſir haue bene askt by many,
But yet I neuer heard that ye tolde any,

Phil. Well boy, then I will adde one more to many,
And aske thy maiſter where this Iennet feeds:
Come *Franke* tell me, nay prethie tell me *Franke*,
My good horſe-maiſter tell me, by this light
I will not ſteale her from thee: if I do,
Let me be held a felone to thy loue.

Fran. No *Phillip* no.

Phil. What, wilt thou were a poynt but with one tag?
Well *Francis* well, I ſee you are a wag. *Enter Comes.*

Com. Swonds where be theſe timber turners, theſe trowle the bowles, theſe greene men, theſe.

Fran. What what ſir?

Comes. Theſe bowlers ſir.

Fran. Well ſir, what ſay you to bowlers?

Comes. Why I ſay they cannot be ſaued.

Fran. Your reaſon ſir?

Com Becauſe they throw away their ſoules at euery (marke

Fran. Their ſoules, how meane ye?

Phil. Sirra, he meanes the ſoule of the bowle.

Fran. Lord how his wit holds bias like a bowle.

Com. Well, which is the bias?

Fran. This next to you.

Com. Nay turne it this way, then the bowle goes true.

Boy. Rub, rub, *Com.* Why rub?

Boy. Why you ouercaſt the marke and miſſe the way.

Com. Nay boy I vſe to take the fayreſt of my play.

Phil. Dicke Comes me thinkes th'art verie pleaſant,
When gotſt thou this merrie humor?

Com. In your fathers Seller, the merrieſt place in th'houſe

Phil. Then you haue bene carowſing hard,

Co. Yes faith, 'tis our cuſtome whē your fathers men and me meete, C 2 *Phil.* Thou

Phil. Thou art very welcome thither Dicke.

Com. By God I thanke ye sir, I thanke ye sir, by God I haue a quart of wine for ye sir in any place of the world, there shall not a seruingman in *Barkeshire* fight better for ye then I will do, if you haue any quarrell in hand, you shall haue the maiden-head of my new sword: I paide a quarters wages for't by Iesus.

Phil. Oh this meate-failer Dicke,
How well has made the apparrell of his wit,
And brought it into fashion of an honor,
Prethe Dicke *Comes* but tell me how thou doost?

Comes. Faith sir like a poore man of seruice.

Phil. Or seruingman.

Comes. Indeed so called by the vulgar.

Phil. Why where the diuell hadst thou that word?

Comes. Oh sir, you haue the most eloquentst ale in the world, our blunt soyle affoords none such.

Fran. *Philip* leaue talking with this dronken foole,
Say sirra where's my father?

Comes. Marry I thanke ye for my very good cheare, O Lord it is not so much worth, you see I am bold with ye, Indeed you are not so bolde as welcome, I pray ye come oftner, Truly I shall trobble ye, all these ceremonies are dispatcht between them, and they are gone.

Fran. Are they so?

Comes. I before God are they,

Fran. And wherefore came not you to call me then?

Com. Because I was loth to change my game.

Fran. What game?

Co. You were at one sort of bowles, as I was at another,

Phil. Sirra he meanes the buttrie bowles of beere.

Com. By God sir we tickled it.

Fran. Why what a swearing keepes this drunken asse,
Canst thou not say but sweare at euery word?

Phil. Peace do not marre his humour prethie *Franke*.

Com. Let him alone, hee's a springall, he knows not what belongs to an oath.

Fran. Sirra.

Fra. Sirra, be quiet, or I do protest,
Comes. Come, come, what do you protest?
Fra. By heauen to crack your crowne.
Comes. To crack my crowne, I lay yee a crowne of that,
Laye it downe and yee dare:
Nay sbloud, ile venter a quarters wages of that,
Cracke my crowne quoth a?
Fran. Will yee not yet be quiet, will yee vrge me?
Comes. Vrge yee with a pox, who vrges yee?
You might haue said so much to a clowne,
Or one that had not been ore the sea to see fashions,
I haue I tell yee true, and I know what belongs to a man,
Crack my crowne and yee can.
Fra. And I can yee rascall.
Phil. Holde haue braine holde,
Doost thou not see hees drunke?
Comes. Naye let him come,
Though he be my maisters sonne, I am my maisters man,
And a man is a man in any ground of England:
Come, and he dares, a comes vpon his death,
I will not budge an inche, no sbloud will not.
Fran. Will yee not?
Phil. Stay prithe *Franke*, *Comes* doost thou heere?
Comes. Heere me no heeres,
Stand away, Ile trust none of you all,
If I haue my backe against a Cart wheele,
I would not care, if the diuell came,
Phil. Why yee foole, I am your friend.
Comes. Foole on your face, I haue a wife.
Fra. Shees a whore then,
Comes. Shees as honest as *Nan Lawson*.
Phil. Whats shee?
Comes. One of his whores.
Phil. Why hath he so many?
Comes. I as many as there be Churches in London.
Phil. Why thats a hundred and nine.

Boy. Faith he lyes a hundred.
Phil. Then thou art a witnesse to nine.
Boy. No by God, Ile be witnesse to none:
Comes. Now do I stand like the George at Colbrooke.
Boy. No thou standst like the Bull at S. Albones.
Comes. Boy yee lye the hornes.
Boy. The Bul's bitten, see how he buts.
Phil. *Comes, Comes,* put vp, my friend & thou art friends.
Comes. Ile heere him say so first.
Phil. *Franke* prethe do, be friends and tell him so.
Fra. Goe to, I am.
Boy. Put vp sir, and yee be a man put vp.
Comes. I am easily perswaded boye.
Phil. Ah yee mad slaue.
Comes. Come, come, a couple of whore-maisters I found yee, and so I leaue yee. *Exit.*
Phil. Loe *Franke* doost thou not see hee's drunke,
That twits me with thy disposition?
Fran. What disposition?
Phil. Nan Lawson, Nan Lawson. *Fra.* Nay then,
Phi. Goe to yee wag, tis well,
If euer yee get a wife, I faith Ile tell,
Sirra at home we haue a Seruingman,
Hees not humord bluntly as *Comes* is,
Yet his condition makes me often merry,
Ile tell thee sirra, hees a fine neat fellow,
A spruce slaue, I warrant yee, heele haue,
His Cruell garters crosse about the knee,
His woollen hose, as white as the driuen snowe,
His shooes dry Leather neat, and tyed with red ribbins,
A Nosegay bound with laces in his Hat,
Bridelaces sir his hat, and all greene hat,
Greene couerlet, for such a grasse greene wit,
The Goose that graseth on the greene, quoth he,
May I eate on, when you shall buryed be,
All Prouerbes is his speech, hee's Prouerbs all.

Fran.

Fra. Why speakes he Prouerbes?

Phil. Because he would speake cunningly,
And prouerbes youle confesse,are gold saith Gooth.

Fran. I like this well,and one day I will see him,
But shall we part?

Phil. Not yet, Ile bring yee somwhat on your way,
And as we go,betweene your boye and you,
Ile know where that braue Prauncer stands at leiery.

Fran. Come,come, you shall not.

Philip. I faith I will. *Exeunt.*

Enter maister Barne and his wife.

M. *Bar.* Wife in my minde,to day you were to blame,
Although my patience did not blame yee for it:
Me thought the rules of loue and neighbourhood,
Did not direct your thoughts, all indirectly,
Were your proceedings, in the entertaine
Of them that I inuited to my house.
Nay stay, Idoe not chide but counsell wife,
And in the mildest manner that I may,
You needs not view me, with a seruant eye,
Whose vassalles fences tremble at the looke
Of his displeased maister, O my wife,
You are my selfe, when selfe sees fault in selfe,
Selfe is sinne obstinate, if selfe amend not,
Indeed I know a fault in thee my selfe,
And it hath set a foyle vpon thy fame,
Not as the foyle dooth grace the Diamond,

Mis. Bar. What fault sir did you see in me to day?

M. *Bar.* O do not set the organ of thy voice,
On such a iarring key of discontent,
Do not detonate the Harmonie of thy tongue,
With such misshapen answers, rough wrathfull words,
Are bastards got by rashnes in the thoughts,
Faire demeanors, are Vertues naturall babes,
The off-spring of the well inclined soule,

Olet

O let them call thee mother, then my wife,
So seeme not barren of good countesse.
Mis. Bar. So, haue you done?
M. Bar. I, and I hope done well,
If you would do, what I aduise for well.
Mis. Bar. What's that?
M. Bar. Which is, that you would be good friends with mistresse Gourfey.
Mis. Bar. With mistresse Gourfey.
M. Bar. I sweete wife.
Mis. Bar. Not so sweete husband.
M. Bar. Could you but shew me any grounded cause.
Mis. Bar. The grounded cause, I grounded cause I will not
M. Bar. Your will hath little reason then I thinke.
Mis. Bar. Yes sir, my reason equalleth my will.
M. Bar. Lets heare your reason, for your will is great.
Mis. Bar. Why for I will not.
M. Bar. Is all your reason for I will not wife,
Now by my soule I hold yee for meere wife,
Discreete, and of more temperature in sences,
Then in a fullen humor to affect,
That womens will beene common scholler phrase,
Oft haue I heard a timely married girle,
That newly left to call her mother mam,
Her father Dad, but yester day come from,
Thats my good girle, God send thee a good husband,
And now being taught to speake the name of husband,
Will when she would be wanton in her will,
If her husband aske her why, say for I will,
Haue I chid men for vnmanly chollers?
That would not fit their greater iudge I seeme thee
Pupell such greene young things, and with thy counsell
Tutor their wits, and are thou now infected,
With this disease of imperfection,
I blush for thee, ashamed on thy shame.
Mis. Bar. A shame on her, that makes thee rate me so.

M. Bar.

M.Bar. O black mouthd rage, thy breath is boyſterous,
And thou makſt vertue ſhake at this high ſtorme.
Shees of good report, I know thou knowſt it:
Miſ.Bar. She is not, nor I know not, but I know
That thou dooſt loue her, therefore thinkſt her ſo,
Thou bearſt with her, becauſe ſhe beares with thee:
Thou maiſt be aſhamed to ſtand in her defence,
She is a ſtrumpet, and thou art no honeſt man
To ſtand in her defence againſt thy wife:
If I catch her in my walke now by Cockes bones,
Ile ſcratch out both her eyes.
M.Bar. O God!
Miſ.Bar. Nay neuer ſay O God for the matter,
Thou art the cauſe, thou badſt her to my houſe,
Onely to bleare the eyes of *Gourſie*, didſt not?
But I will ſend him word I warrant thee,
And ere I ſleepe to, truſt vpon it ſir. *Exit.*
M.Bar. Me thinkes this is a mightie fault in her,
I could be angrie with her: O if I be ſo,
I ſhall but put a Linke vnto a Torche,
And ſo giue greater light to ſee her fault:
Ile rather ſmother it in melancholly,
Nay, wiſdome bids me ſhunne that paſſion,
Then I will ſtudie for a remedie,
I haue a daughter, now heauen inuocate,
She be not of like ſpirit as her mother,
If ſo, ſheel be a plague vnto her husband,
If that he be not pacient and diſcreete,
For that I hold the eaſe of all ſuch trouble,
Well, well, I would my daughter had a husband,
For I would ſee how ſhe would demeane her ſelfe
In that eſtate, it may be ill enough,
And ſo God ſhall helpe me, well remembred now,
Franke Gourſey is his fathers ſonne and heyre,
A youth that in my heart I haue good hope on,
My ſences ſay a match, my ſoule applaudes
The motion: O but his lands are great,
Hee will looke hygh, why I will ſtraine my ſelfe.

To make her dowrie equall with his land,
Good faith and twere a match, 'twould be a meanes
To make their mothers friends: Ile call my daughter,
To see how shees disposd to marriage:
Mall, where are yee?

Enter Mall.

Mall. Father, heere I am. M. *Bar*. Where is your mother?
Mall. I saw her not forsooth, since you and she
Went walking both together to the garden.
M. *Bar*. Doost thou heere me girle? I must dispute with thee,
Mall. Father, the question then must not be hard,
For I am very weake in argument.
M. *Bar*. Well, this it is, I say tis good to marry.
Mall. And this say I, tis not good to marry.
M. *Bar*. Were it not good, then all men would not marry,
But now they do.
Mall. Marry not all, but it is good to marry.
M. *Bar*. Is it both good and bad, how can this be?
Mall. Why it is good to them that marry well,
To them that marry ill, no greater hell.
M. *Bar*. If thou mightst marry well, wouldst thou agree?
Mall. I cannot tell, heauen must appoint for me.
M. *Bar*. Wenche I am studying for thy good indeed,
Mall. My hopes and dutie, with your thoughts good speed.
M. *Bar*. But tell mo wenche, hast thou a minde to marry:
Mall. This question is too hard for bashfulnesse,
And Father, now yee pose my modestie,
I am a maide, and when yee aske me thus,
I like a maide must blushe, looke pale and wan,
And then looke pale againe, for we change colour,
As our thoughts change, with true fac'te passion
Of modest maidenhead, I could adorne me,
And to your question, make a sober curtsey,
And with close clipt ciuilitie be silent,
Or els say no forsooth, or I forsooth,
If I sayd no forsooth, I lyed forsoorth,
To lye vpon my selfe were deadly sinne,
Therefore I will speake trueth and shame the diuell.

Father

Father, when firſt I heard yee name a husband,
At that ſame very name, my ſpirits quickned,
Diſpaire before had kild them, they were dead,
Becauſe it was my hap ſo long to tarry,
I was perſwaded I ſhould neuer marry.
And ſitting ſowing thus vpon the ground,
I fell in traunce of meditation,
But comming to my ſelfe, O Lord ſaid I,
Shall it be ſo, muſt I vnmarryed dye?
And being angrie Father, farther ſaid,
Now by ſaint Anne, I will not dye a maide,
Good faith, before I camt to this ripe groath,
I did accuſe the labouring time of ſloath,
Me thought the yeere did runne but ſlowe about,
For I thought each yeere ten I was without,
Being foreteene, and toward the tother yeere:
Good Lord thought I, fifteene will nere be heere,
For I haue heard my mother ſay, that then
Prittie maides, were fit for handſome men,
Fifteene paſt, ſixeteene, and ſeuenteene too,
What, thought I, will not this husband do?
Will no man marry me, haue men forſworne,
Such beauty and ſuch youth? ſhall youth be worne
As rich mens gownes, more with age then vſe?
Why then I let reſtrained fanſie looſe,
And bad it gaze for pleaſure: then loue ſwore me
To do what ere my mother did before me,
Yet in good faith, I haue beene very loath,
But now it lyes in you to ſaue my oath:
If I ſhall haue a husband, get him quickly,
For maides that weres Corke ſhooes, may ſtep awrie.

M. Bar. Beleeue me wench, I do not apprehend thee,
But for this pleaſant anſwere do commend thee:
I muſt confeſſe, loue dooth thee mightie wrong,
But I will ſee thee haue thy right ere long,
I know a young man, whom I holde moſt fit,
To haue thee, both for liuing and for wit,
I will goe write about it preſently. *Exit.*

Mall. Good father do, O God me thinkes I ſhould
Wife it as fine as any woman could:
I could carry a porte to be obayde,
Carry a maiſtering eye vpon my maide,
With minion do your buſineſſe or Ile make yee,
And to all houſe authoritie betake me.
O God would I were marryed, by my troth,
But if I be not, I ſweare Ile keepe my oath.
Enter Miſ. Ba. How now minion, wher haue you bin gadding?
Mall. Forſooth my father called me foorth to him.
Miſ. Bar. Your father, and what ſaid he too yee I pray?
Mall. Nothing forſooth.
Miſ. Bar. Nothing: that cannot be, ſomething he ſaid,
Mall. I ſomthing, that as good as nothing was.
Miſ. Bar. Come let me heare, that ſomthing nothing then.
Mall. Nothing but of a husband for me mother.
Miſ. Bar. A husband, that was ſomthing, but what husband?
Mall. Nay faith I know not mother, would I did.
Miſ. Bar. I would yee did, I faith are yee ſo haſtie?
Mall. Haſtie mother, why how olde am I?
Miſ. Bar. Too young to marry. *Mall.* Nay by the maſſe ye lie.
Mother, how olde were you when you did marry?
Miſ. Bar. How olde ſo ere I was, yet you ſhall tarry.
Mall. Then the worſe for me, harke Mother harke,
The Prieſt forgets that ere he was a Clarke,
When you were at my yeares, Ile holde my life,
Your minde was to change maidenhead for wife.
Pardon me mother, I am of your minde,
And by my troth I take it but by kinde.
Miſ. Bar. Do yee heare daughter, you ſhall ſtaye my leaſure.
Mal. Do you heare mother, would you ſtay from pleaſure,
When yee haue minde to it? go to there's no wrong
Like this, to let maides lye alone ſo long,
Lying alone they muſe but in their beddes,
How they might looſe their long kept maiden heads,
This is the cauſe there is ſo many ſcapes,
For women that are wiſe, will not lead Apes
In hell, I tell yee mother I ſay true,

Therefore come husband, maiden head adew. *Exit.*

Mis. Bar. Well lustie guts, I meane to make ye stay,
And set some rubbes in your mindes smotheſt nay.

Enter Philip. (walking?

Phil. Mother. *Mis.* How now sirra, where haue ye beene
Phil. Ouer the medes halfe way to *Milton* mother,
To beare my friend *Franke Gourſey* companie.
Mis. Bar. Wher's your blew coate, your sword & buckler sir?
Get you such like habite for a seruingman,
If you will waight vpon the brat of *Gourſey*.
Phil. Mother, that you are moou'd this makes mee wonder,
when I departed I did leaue ye friends,
What vndigeſted iarre hath since betided?
Mis. Bar. Such as almoſt doth choake thy mother boy,
And stifles her with the conceit of it,
I am abuſde my ſonne by *Gourſeys* wife.
Phil. By mistreſſe *Gourſie*?
Mis. Bar. Mistreſſe flurt, you foule strumpet,
Light aloue, shorte heeles, mistreſſe *Gourſey*,
Call her againe and thou wert better no.
Phil. O my deare mother haue some patience,
Mis. Bar. I sir haue patience, and see your father
To riſle vp the treaſure of my loue,
And play the ſpendthrift vpon ſuch an harlot?
This ſame will make me haue patience, will it not?
Phil. This ſame is womens moſt impatience,
Yet mother I haue often heard ye ſay,
That you haue found my father temperate,
And euer free from ſuch affections.
Mis. Bar. I, tell my too much loue did glut his thoughts,
And make him ſeek for change. *Phil.* O change your minde,
My father beares more cordiall loue to you. (me.
Mis Bar. Thou lieſt, thou lieſt, for he loues *Gourſeys* wife, not
Phil. Now I ſweare mother you are much too blame,
I durſt be ſworne he loues you as his ſoule.
Mis. Bar. Wilt thou be pampered by affection?
Will nature teach thee ſuch vilde periurie?
Wilt thou be ſworne, I forlorne, careleſſe boy?

And if thou swearst, I say he loues me not.
Phil. He loues ye but too well I sweare,
Vnlesse ye knewe much better how to vse him,
Mis. Bar. Doth he so sir? thou vnnaturall boy,
Too well sayest thou, that word shall cost the somewhat,
O monstrous, haue I brought thee vp to this?
Too well: o vnkinde, wicked and degenerate,
Hast thou the heart to say so of thy mother?
Well, God will plague thee sort, I warrant thee,
Out on thee villaine, fie vpon thee wretch,
Out of my sight, out of my sight I say.
Phil. This ayre is pleasant, and doth please me well,
And here I will stay.
Mis. Bar. Wilt thou stubborne villaine? *Enter* M. Bar.
M. *Bar.* How now, whats the matter?
Mis. Bar. Thou set'st thy sonne to scoffe and mocke at mee,
Ist not sufficient I am wrongd of thee?
But he must be an agent to abuse me,
Must I be subiect to my cradle too? O God, o God amend it.
M. *Bar.* Why how now *Philip*, is this true my sonne?
Phil. Deare father she is much impatient:
Nere let that hand assist me in my need,
If I more said, then that she thought amisse,
To thinke that you were so licentious giuen,
And thus much more, when she inferd it more,
I swore an oath you lou'de her but too well,
In that as guiltie I do hold my selfe,
Now that I come to more considerate triall,
I know my fault, I should haue borne with her,
Blame me for rashnesse, then not for want of dutie,
M. *Bar.* I do absolue thee, and come hether *Philip*,
I haue writ a letter vnto maister *Goursey*,
And I will tell thee the contents thereof,
But tell me first, thinkst thou *Franke Goursey* loues thee?
Phil. If that a man deuoted to a man,
Loyall, religious, in loues hallowed vowes,
If that a man that is soule labourſome,
To worke his owne thoughts to his friends delight,

My purchase good opinion with his friend,
Then I may say, I haue done this so well,
That I may thinke *Franke Goursey* loues me well
M. *Bar.* Tis well, and I am much deceiued in him,
And if he be not sober, wise, and valiant.
Phil. I hope my father takes me for thus wise,
I will not glew my selfe in loue to one
That hath not some desert of vertue in him,
What ere you thinke of him, beleeue me father,
He will be answerable to your thoughts,
In any qualitie commendable.
M. *Bar.* Thou chearst my hopes in him, and in good faith,
Thaust made my loue complete vnto thy friend,
Phllip I loue him, and I loue him so,
I could affoorde him a good wife I know.
Phil. Father, a wife? M. *Bar.* *Phillip* a wife.
Phil. I lay my life my sister. M. *Bar.* I in good faith,
Phil. Then father he shall haue her, he shall I sweare.
M. *Bar.* How canst thou say so, knowing not his minde?
Phil. Als one for that, I will go to him straight,
Father if you would seeke this seuen yeares day,
You could not find a fitter match for her,
And he shall haue her, I sweare he shall, (him.
He were as good be hanged as once deny her, I faith Ile to
M. *Bar.* Hayrebraine, hayrebraine stay,
As yet we do not know his fathers minde,
Why what will maister *Goursey* say my sonne,
If we should motion it without his knowledge?
Go to, hees a wise and discreet Centleman,
And that expects from me all honest parts,
Nor shall he faile his expectation,
First I do meane to make him priuie to it,
Phillip this letter is to that effect.
Phil, Father, for Gads sake send it quickly then,
Ile call your man, what *Hugh*, wheres *Hugh*, there ho,
M. *Bar.* *Phillip* if this would prooue a match, It were the only means that could be found, To make thy mother friends with Mis. *Gou.* *Phil.* How a match? Ile warrant ye a match.

My

My sister's faire, Franke Goursie he is rich,
His dowrie too will be sufficient,
Franke's young, and youth is apt to loue,
And by my troth my sisters maiden head
Stands like a game at tennis, if the ball
Hit into the hole or hazard, fare well all.
Mis. Bar. How now, where's *Hugh*? (*Hugh.*
Phil. Why what doth this prouerbial with vs, why where's
M. Bar. Peace, peace. *Phil.* Where's *Hugh* I say?
M. Bar. Be not so hastie *Philip*.
Phil. Father let me alone,
I do it but to make my selfe some sport,
This formall foole your man speakes nought but prouerbs,
And speake men what they can to him, hee'l answere
With some rime, rotten sentence, or olde saying,
Such spokes as the ancient of the parish vse,
With neighbour tis an olde prouerbe and a true,
Goose giblets are good meate, old sacke better then new:
Then saies another, neighbour that is true,
And when each man hath drunke his gallon round,
A penny pot, for thats the olde mans gallon,
Then doth he licke his lippes and stroke his beard,
Thats glewed together with his slauering droppes
Of yestie ale, and when he scarce can trim,
His goutie fingers, thus hee'l phillip it,
And with a rotten hem say hey my hearts,
Merrie go sorrie cocke and pye my hearts,
But then their sauing pennie prouerbe comes,
And that is this: they that will to the wine,
Berladie mistresse shall lay their pennie to mine,
This was one of this penny-fathers bastards,
For on my life he was neuer begot,
Without the consent of some great prouerb-monger,
M. Bar. O ye are a wag,
Phil. Well, n[illegible] vnto my businesse,
Swounds will that mouth thats made of old sed sawes,
And nothing else, say nothing to vs now?
Nich. O maister *Philip* forbeare, you must not leape ouer

the

the ſtile before you come at it, haſte makes waſte, ſoſte fire makes ſweete malt, not too faſt for falling, there's no haſte hang true men.

Phil. Father we ha'te, ye ſee we ha'te, now will I ſee if my memorie will ſerue, for ſome prouerbs too. O a painted cloath were as wel worth a ſhilling, as a theefe woorth a halter: well, after my heartie commendations as I was at the making hereof, ſo it is, that I hope as you ſpeed, ſo you're ſure a ſwift horſe will tier, but he that trottes eaſilie will indure, you haue moſt learnedly prouerbde it, commending the vertue of patience or forbearance, but yet you knowe forbearance is no quittance.

Nich. I promiſe ye maiſter *Philip* you haue ſpoken as true (as ſteele.

Phil. Father, theres a prouerbe well applied.

Nich. And it ſeemeth vnto me, I it ſeemes to me, that you maiſter *Phillip* mocke me, do you not know *qui mocat mocabitur*, mocke age and ſe how it will proſper?

Phil. Why ye whoreſon prouerb-booke bound vp in follio,
Haue ye no other ſence to anſwere me,
But euery word a prouerbe, no other Engliſh?
Well, Ile fulfill a prouerb on thee ſtraight.

Nich. What is it ſir?

Phil. Ile fetch my fiſt from thine eare.

Nich. Beare witneſſe he threatens me,

Phil. Father that ſame is the cowards common prouerbe,
But come, come ſirra, tell me where *Hugbis*?

Nich. I may and I will, I need not except I liſt, you ſhall not commaund me, you giue me neither meate, drinke, nor wages, I am your fathers man, & a man's a mã & a haue but a hoſe on his hed, do not miſuſe me ſo, do not, for though he that is bound muſt obay, yet he that wil not tarrie may runne away ſo he may.

M. Bar. Peace *Nicke*, Ile ſee hee ſhall vſe thee well,
Go to peace ſirra, here Nicke take this letter,
Carrie it to him to whom it is directed.

Nich. To whom is it?

M. Bar. Why reade it, canſt thou reade?

Nich. Forſooth though none of the beſt, yet meanly i

M. Bar. Why dooſt thou not vſe it?

Nic. Forſooth as vſe makes perfectnes, ſo ſeldome ſeene is ſoone forgotten.

M. Bar. Well ſaid, but go, it is to maiſter *Gourſey*,

Phil. Now ſir, what prouerb haue ye to deliuer a letter?

Nich. What need you to care? who ſpeakes to you? you may ſpeake when ye are ſpoken to, and keepe your winde to coole your pottage: well well, you are my maiſters ſonne and you looke for his lande, but they that hope for dead mens ſhooes, may hap go barefoote: take heed, as ſoone goes the yong ſheep to the pot as the olde. I pray God ſaue my Maiſters life, for ſildome comes the better.

Phil. O he hath giuen it me: farewell prouerbes.

Nich. Farewell froſt.

Phil. ſhall I fling an olde ſhooe after ye?

Nich. No, you ſhould ſay God ſend faire weather after me.

Phil. I meane for good lucke. *Exit.*

Nich. A good lucke on ye.

M. Bar. Alas poore foole, hee vſes al his wit,
Phillip infaith this mirth hath cheered thought,
And cuſſend it of hiaright play of paſſion,
Go after *Nick*, and when thou thinkſt hees there,
Go in and vrge to that which I haue writ,
Mein theſe meddowes make a cerckling walke,
And in my meditation coniure ſo,
As that ſome fend of thought ſelfe-eating anger,
ſhall by my ſpels of treaſon vaniſh quite
Away, and let me heare from thee to night
Phil. To night, yes that you ſhal, but harke ye father,
Looke that you my ſiſter waking keepe,
For *Franke* I ſweare ſhall kiſſe her ere I ſleepe.

Exeunt.

Enter Franke *and* Boy.

Frank. I am very drie with walking ore the greene,
Butler ſome beere, ſirra call the Butler.

Boy. Nay faith ſir, we muſt haue ſome ſmith to giue the butler
A drench, or cut him in the forehead, for he hath got
A horſes diſeaſe, namely the ſtaggers, to night hees a good

Huſwife,

Huſwife, he reeles al that he wrought to day, and he were good
Now to play at dice, for he caſtes excellent well.

Fran. How meanſt thou, is he drunke?

Boy. I cannot tell, but I am ſure he hath more liquor in him
Then a whole dicker of hydes, hees ſockt throughly I faith.

Fran. Wel, go and call him, bid him bring me drinke.

Boy. I will ſir. *Exit.*

Fran. My mother powtes and will looke merrily,
Neither vpon my father nor on me,
He ſaies ſhe fell out with miſtreſſe Barnes to day,
Then I am ſure they'l not be quickly friends,
Good Lord what kind of creatures women are?
Their loue is lightly wonne and lightly loſt.
And then their hate is deadly and extreame.
He that doth take a wife, betakes himſelfe
To all the cares and troubles of the world.
Now her diſquietneſſe doth greeue my father,
Greeues me, and troubles all the houſe beſides,
What, ſhall I haue ſome drinke? how now a horne?
Belike the drunken knaue is falne a ſleepe,
And now the boy doth wake him with his horne:
How now ſirra, wheres the butler?

Ent. Boy. Marie ſir, where he was euen now a ſleepe, but I wakt him, and when he wakt, hee thought he was in maiſter *Barnſes* butterie, for he ſtretcht himſelfe thus: and yauning ſaid, Nicke, honeſt Nicke fill a freſh bowle of ale, ſtand to it Nicke and thou beeſt a man of Gods making, ſtand to it: and then I winded my horne, and hees horne-mad.

Enter Hodge.

Hod. Boy hey, ho boy, and thou beeſt a man draw, o heres a bleſſed mooneſhine God be thanked, boy is not this goodly weather for barley?

Boy. Spoken like a right maulſter *Hodge*, but dooſt thou heare? thou art not drunke.

Hod. No, I ſcorne that I faith.

Boy. But thy fellow *Dicke Cowes* is mightily drunke.

Hod. Drunke, a plague on it, when a man cannot carrie his drinke well; ſbloud Ile ſtand to it.

Boy. Hold man see and thou canst stand first.

Hodg. Drunke: hees a beast and he be drunke, theres no man that is a sober man will be drunke, he's a boy and he be drunk.

Boy. No, hees a man as thou art.

Hodge. Thus tis when a man will not be ruled by his frends, I bad him keepe vnder the lee, but he kept downe the weather, two bowes I tolde him be would be taken with a planner, but the wisest of vs all may fall. *Boy trips him.*

Boy. True *Hodge.*

Hodge. Whope lend me thy hand Dicke, I am falne into a well, lend me thy hand I shall be drowned else.

Boy. Hold fast by the bucket *Hodge.* *Hod.* A rope on it.

Boy. I there is a rope on it, but where art thou *Hodge?*

Hod. In a Well, I prethie draw vp.

Boy. Come giue vp thy body, wind vp, hoyst.

Hod. I am ouer head and eares,

Boy. In all *Hodge*, in all.

Fran. How loathsome is this beast mans shape to me?
This mould of reason so vnreasonable,
Sirra, why doost thou trip him downe seeing hees drunke?

Boy. Because sir I would haue drunckards cheape,

Fran How meane ye?

Boy. Why they say that when any thing hath a fal, it is cheap, and so of drunkards.

Fran. Go to helpe him vp. but harke who knockes?

Boy. Sir heeres one of maister Barnesies men with a letter to my olde maister. *Fran.* Which of them is it?

Boy. They call him *Nicholas* sir.

Fran. Go call him in. *Enter Coomes.*

Coom. By your leaue ho, how now young maister, how ist?

Fran. Looke ye sirra where your fellow lies,
He es in a fine taking is he not?

Coom. Whope *Hodge*, where art thou man, where art thou?

Hodge. O in a Well.

Co. In a well man, nay then thou art deepe in vnderstanding.

Fran. I once to day you were almost so sir.

Com. Who I, go to young maister, I do not like this humor in yee I tell ye true, giue euery man his due, and giue him no more,

no more: say I was in such a case, go to, tis the greatest indignation that can be offered to a man: and but a mans more godlier giuen, you were able to make him: sweare out his heart bloud, what though that honest *Hodge* haue cut his finger heere? or as some say, cut a feather? what though he be mump, misled, blind, or as it were, tis no consequent to me: you know I haue drunke all the Ale-houses in Abington drye, and laide the taps on the tables when I had doone: sbloud Ile challenge all the true robpots in Europe, to leape vp to the chinne in a barrell of Beere, and if I cannot drinke it downe to my foote ere I leaue, & then set the tap in the midst of the house, & then turne a good turne on the toe on it, let me be counted no body, a pingler, nay let me bound to drinke nothing but small Beere seauen yeares after, and I had as leefe be hanged. *Enter* Nicholas.

Fran. Peace sir, I must speake with one, *Nicholas* I thinke your name is. *Nich.* True as the skin betweene your browes.

Franke. Well, how dooth thy maister?

Nich. Forsooth liue, and the best dooth no better.

Fran. Where is the letter he hath sent me?

Nich. Ecce signum, heere it is.

Fran. Tis right as *Philip* said, tis a fine foole,
This letter is directed to my father,
Ile carry it to him, *Dick Coomes* make him drinke. *Exit.*

Coomes I, ile make him drinke and he will.

Nich. Not so *Richard*, it is good to be merry and wise.

Nich. Well *Nicholas*, as thou art *Nicholas* welcome, but as thou art *Nicholas* and a boone companion, ten times welcome, *Nicholas* giue me thy hand, shall we be merry? and we shall, say but we shall, and let the first word stand.

Nich. Indeed, as long liues the merry man as the sad,
An ownce of debt will not pay a pound of care.

Coomes. Nay a pound of care, will not pay an ounce of debt.

Nich. Well, tis a good horse neuer stumbles, but who lyes here?

Coom. Tis our *Hodge*, & I thinke he lyes a sleep, you made him drunke at your house to day, but Ile pepper some of you for't.

Nich. I *Richard*, I know youle put a man ouer the shooes, and if you can, but he's a foole wil take more then wil do him good.

Coom. Sbloud yee shall take more then will do yee good,

Or Ile make you clap vnder the table.

Nich. Nay, I hope as I haue temperance to forbeare drinke, so haue I patience to endure drinke, Ile do as company doth, for when a mã doth to *Rome* come, he must do as there is donne *Cosmos*, Ha, my resolued Nicke *Frobgozene*, fill the potte Hostesse, swounes you whore, *Harry Hooke's* a rascall: helpe me but carry my fellow Hodge in, and weele crushe it I faith.

Enter Phillip. *Exeunt.*

Phil. By this I thinke, the letter is deliuered,
And twill be shortly time that I step in,
And wooe their fauours for my sisters fortune,
And yet I need not, she may doe as well,
But yet not better, as the case dooth stand,
Betweene our mothers, it may make them friends,
Nay I would sweare that she would do as well,
Were she a stranger to one qualitie,
But they are so acquainted, their neere part,
Why she will floute the diuell and make blush,
The boldest face of man, that ere man saw.
He that hath best opinion of his wit,
And hath his braine pan fraught with bitter Iests,
Or of his owne, or stolne, or how so euer,
Let him stand nere so high in his owne conceit,
Her wit's a sunne, that melts him downe like butter,
And makes him sit at table Pancake wise,
Flat flat, God knowes, and nere a word to say.
Yet sheele not leaue him then, but like a tyrant,
Sheele persecute the poore wit-beaten man,
And so be bang him with drie bobs and scoffes,
When he is downe, most cowardlike good faith,
As I haue pittyed the poore patient.
There came a Farmers sonne a wooing to her,
A propper man, well landed too he was,
A man that for his wit need not to aske,
What time a yeere twere good to sow his Oates,
Nor yet his Barley, no nor when to reape,
To plowe his Fallowes, or to fell his Trees,
Well experienst thus each kinde of waye,

After

After a two, moneths labour at the moſt,
And yet twas well he held it out ſo long,
He left his loue, ſhe had ſo laſte his lips,
He could ſay nothing to her, but God be with yee.
Why ſhe, when men haue dinde and call for cheeſe,
Will ſtraight maintaine, Ieſts bitter to diſgeſt,
And then ſome one will fall to argument,
Who if he ouer maiſter her with reaſon,
Then ſheele begin to buffet him with mockes.
Well I do doubt, Fraunces hath ſo much ſpleene,
Theil neere agree, but I will moderate.
By this time, tis time I thinke to enter,
This is the houſe, ſhall I knock? no I will not
Waite while one comes out to anſwere:
Ile in, and let them be as bolde with vs: *Exit.*

Enter maiſter Gourſey *reading a letter.*

M. *Gou.* If that they like, her dowrie ſhall be equall
To your ſonnes wealth or poſſibilitie,
It is a meanes to make our wiues good friends,
And to continue friendſhip twixt vs two.
Tis ſo indeed, I like this motion,
And it hath my conſent, becauſe my wife, is ſore infected and hart ſick with hate: & I haue ſought the *Galen* of aduice, which onley tels me this ſame potion, to be moſt ſoueraigne for her ſicknes cure. *Enter* Franke *and* Phillip.
Heere comes my ſonne, conferring with his friend.
Fraunces, how do you like your friends diſcourſe?
I know he is perſwading to this motion.

Fra. Father, as matter that befits a friend,
But yet not me, that am too young to marry.

M. *Gour.* Nay, if thy minde be forward with thy yeares,
The time is loſt thou tarrieſt, truſt me boy, This match is anſwerable to thy birth, Her bloud and portion, giue each other grace:
Theſe indented lines promiſe a ſumme, And I do like the valew, if it hap Thy liking to accorde to my conſent,
It is a match: wilt thou goe ſee the maide?

Fra. Nere truſt me Father, the ſhape of mariage,
Which I doe ſee in others, ſeeme ſo ſeuere,

I dare

I dare not put my youngling libertie,
Vnder the awe of that inſtruction,
And yet I graunt the limmits of free youth
Going aſtraye, are often reſtraind by that:
But miſtreſſe wedlocke, to my ſcholler thoughts,
Will be too curſt I feare, O ſhould ſhe ſnip
My pleaſure ayming minde, I ſhall be ſad,
And ſweare, when I did marry I was mad.
M. Gos. But boye, let my experience teach thee this,
Yet in good faith, thou ſpeakſt not much amiſſe,
When firſt thy mothers ſame to me did come,
Thy Grandſire thus, then came to me his ſonne:
And euen my words to thee, to me he ſayd,
And as to me thou ſaiſt, to him I ſaid,
But in a greater huffe, and hotter bloud,
I tell yee, on youthes tip-toes then I ſtood,
Sayes he (good-faith this was his very ſay)
When I was young, I was but reaſons foole,
And went to wedding, as to wiſdomes ſchoole:
It taught me much, and much I did forget,
But beaten much by it, I got ſome wit,
Though I was ſhackled from an often ſcoute,
Yet I would wanton it when I was out,
Twas comforte, olde acquaintance then to meete,
Reſtrained libertie, attainde is ſweete,
Thus ſaid my father to thy father, ſonne
And thou maiſt do this to, as I haue doone.
Phil. In faith good counſell *Franke*, what ſaiſt thou to it?
Fra. Phillip, what ſhould I ſay? *Phil.* Why, eyther I or no.
Fra. O but which rather?
Phil. Why that which was perſwaded by thy father.
Fra. Thats I, than I, O ſhould it fall out ill,
Then I, for I am guiltie of that ill.
Ile not be guiltie, no. *Phi.* What backward gone?
Fra. Phillip, no whit backward, that is on.
Phil. On then. *Fra.* O ſtaye.
Phil. Tuſhe, there is no good luck in this delaye,
Come, come, late commers man are ſhent.

Fra.

Fra. Heigh ho, I feare I shall repent,
Well, which waye *Franke*?
Phil. Why this way. *Fran.* Canst thou tell,
And takest vpon thee to be my guide to hell,
But which waye father? *M. Gow.* That way.
Franke. I, you know,
You found the way to sorrow long agoe,
Father God boye yee, you haue sent your sonne,
To seeke on earth an earthly day of doome,
Where I shall be adiudged, alack the rathe,
To penance for the follies of my youth.
Well I must go, but by my troth my minde,
Is not loue capable to that kinde,
O I haue lookt vpon this mould of men,
As I haue doone vpon a Lyons den,
Praised I haue the gallant beast I saw,
Yet wisht me no acquaintance with his pawe,
And must I now be grated with them well,
Yet I may hap to prooue a *Daniell*,
And if I do, sure it would make me laugh,
To be among wilde beasts and yet be safe,
Is there a remedy to abate their rage,
Yes many catche them, and put them in a cage,
I but how catche them, marry in your hand,
Carry me foorth a burning fier brand,
For with his sparkling shine, olde rumor sayes,
A fier brand the swiftest runner frayes,
This I may do, but if it prooue not so,
Then man goes out to seeke his aduenture woe,
Phillip away, and Father now adew,
In queste of sorrow I am sent by you.
M. Gow. Returne the messenger of ioy my sonne,
Fran. Sildome in this worlde, such a worke is done.
Phi. Nay, nay, make haste, it will be quickly night.
Fra. Why is it not good to worke by candle light.
Phil. But if we make not haste theile be a bed.
Fran. The better Candels out, and Curtans spred. *Exeunt.*
M. Gow. I know, though that my sonnes yeares be not many,

Yet he hath wit to woo as well as any,
Here comes my wife, I am glad my boy is gone.

Enter mistresse Gourlsey.

Ere she came hether, how now wife, how ist?
What are yee yet in charitie and loue with mistresse *Barnes*?

Mis. Gou. With mistresse *Barnes*, why maister *Barnes* I pray,

M. Gou. Because she is your neighbour and

Mis. Gou. And what?
And a iealious slandering spitefull queane she is,
One that would blur my reputation,
With her approbrious mallice if she could,
She wrongs her husband, to abuse my fame,
Tis knowne that I haue liued in honest name,
All my life time, and bin your right true wife,

M. Gou. I entertaine no other thought my wife,
And my opinion's sound of your behauiour.

Mis. Gou. And my behauiour is as sound as it,
But her ill speeches seekes to rot my credit,
And eate it with the worme of hate and mallice.

M. Gou. Why then preserue it you by patience.

Mis. Gou. By patience, would ye haue me shame my selfe,
And cussen my selfe to beare her iniuries?
Not while her eye be open will I yeelde,
A worde, a letter, a sillables valew,
But equall and make euen her wrongs to me,
To her againe.

M. Gou. Then in good faith wife ye are more to blame.

Mis. Gour. Am I too blame sir, pray what letters this?

M. Gou. There is a dearth of manners in yee wife,
Rudely to snatch it from me, giue it me.

Mis. Gou. You shall not haue it sir, till I haue read it.

M. Gour. Giue me it then, and I will read it to you.

Mis. Gour. No, no it shall not need, I am a scholler
Good enough to read a letter sir.

M. Gour. Gods passion, if she knew but the contents,
Sheele seeke to crosse this match, she shall not read it.
Wife, giue it me, come, come, giue it me.

Mis. Gour. Husband, in very deed you shall not haue it.

M. Gour.

M.Gou. What will you moue me to impatience then?
Mis.Gour. Tut, tell not me of your impatience,
But since you talke syr of impatience,
You shall not haue the letter by this light,
Till I haue read it, soule ile burne it first.
M.Gour. Go to, yee moue me wife, giue me the letter,
In troth I shall growe angrie, if you doo not,
Mis.Gour. Growe to the house top with your anger sir.
Neare tell me, I care not thus much for it.
M.Gour. Well, I can beare enough, but not too much,
Come giue it me, t'were best you be perswaded,
By God yee make me sweare, now God forgiue me.
Giue me I say, and stand not long vpon it,
Go to, I am angrie at the heart, my very heart.
Mis.Gour. Harke me no hearts, you shall not haue it sir,
No you shall not, neere looke so big,
I will not be affraid at your great lookes,
You shall not haue it, no you shall not haue it.
M.Gour. Shall I not haue it, in troth Ile trye that,
Minion Ile hau'te, shall I not hau'te, I am loath,
Go too, take pausment, be aduisde,
In faith I will, and stand not long vpon it,
A woman of your yeares, I am ashamde,
A couple of so long continuance,
Should thus, Gods foote, I crye God hartely mercy,
Go to, yee vexe me, and Ile vexe yee for it,
Before I leaue yee I will make yee glad,
To tender it on your knees, heare yee, I will I will,
What worse and worse, stomack true I faith,
Shall I be crost by you in my olde age?
And where I should haue greatest comfort to,
A nurse of you, nurse in the diuels name,
Go to mistris, by Gods precious deere,
If yee delay:
Mis.Gour. Lord, Lord, why in what a fit,
Are you in husband, so inrag'd, so moou'de,
And for so slighte a cause, to read a letter,
Did this letter loue, concerne my death,

Should you deny my sight of it, I would not,
Nor see my sorrow, nor eschew my danger,
But willingly yeeld me a patient,
Vnto the doome that your displeasure gaue,
Here is the letter, not for that your intertainment,
Makes me make offer of it, but your health,
Which anger I do feare hath crasd,
And viper like hath suckt away the bloud,
That wont was to be cheerefull in this cheeke,
How pale yee looke.

M. Gou. Pale, can yee blame me for it, I tell you true,
An easie matter could not thus haue mooued me,
Well this resignement, and so foorth, but woman
This fortnight shall I not forget yee for it.
Ha, ha, I see that roughnes can doe some what,
I did not thinke good faith, I could haue set,
So sower a face vpon it, and to her,
My bed embracer, my right bosome friend,
I would not that she should haue seene the letter
As poore a man as I am by my troth,
For twenty pound: well I am glad I haue it.
Ha, heres a doe about a thing of nothing,
What stomacke, ha tis happy your come downe. *Exit.*

Mis. Gou. Well craftie Fox, Ile hunt yee by my troth,
Deale yee so closely? well I see his drift,
He would not let me see the letter least
That I should crosse the match, and I will crosse it:

Ent. Coomes, Dicke Coomes? *Coom.* Forsooth.

Mis. Gou. Come hether Dicke, thou art a man I loue,
And one whom I haue much in my regarde.

Coom. I thanke yee for it mistris, I thanke yee for it.

Mis. Gou. Nay heeres my hand, I will do very much for thee,
If ere thou standst in need of me,
Thou shalt not lack, whilst thou hast a day to liue,
Money, apparrell.

Coom. And sword and Bucklers,

Mis. Gou. And sword and Bucklers too my gallant Dicke,
So thou wilt vse but this in my defence.

Coomes. This, no faith I haue no minde to this, breake my

head if this break not, if we come to any tough play, my mistres
I had a sword, I the flower of Smithfield, for a sword, a right sort
Isaith, with that and a man had come ouer with a smooth and
a sharpe stroke, it would haue cried twang, and then when I
had doubled my point, staste my ground, and had carried my
buckler before me like a garden. But, and then come in with a
crosse blowe, and ouer the picke of his buckler two elles long, it
would haue cried twang, twang, mettall, mettall, but a dogge
hath his day, tis gone, and there are fewe good ones made now;
I see by this dearth of good swords, and dearth of swoord and
buckler fight, begins to grow out, I am sorrie for it, I shall ne-
uer see good manhood againe, if it be once gone, this poking
fight of rapier and dagger will come vp then, then a man, a tall
man and a good sword and buckler man, will be spitted like a
cat or a conney, then a boy will be as good as a man, vnlesse the
Lord shewe mercie vnto vs, well, I had as lieue be a hang'd as
liue to see that day, well mistresse, what shall I do? what shall I
do?

Mis. Gou. Why this braue Dicke, thou knowest that Barn-
fes wife
And I am foes, now man me to her house,
And though it be darke Dicke, yet we'll haue no light,
Least that thy maister should preuent our iourney
By seeing our depart: then when we come,
And if that she and I do fall to words,
Set in thy foote and quartell with her men,
Draw, fight, strike, hurt, but do not kill the slaues,
And make as though thou strukst at a man,
And hit her and thou canst, a plague vpon her,
She hath misvsde me Dicke, wilt thou do this?

Coomes, Yes mistresse I will strike her men, but God forbid,
That ere *Dicke Coomes* should be seene to strike a woman.

Mis. Gou. Why she is mankind, therefore thou mayest strike
her.

Coom. Mankinde, nay and she haue any part of a man, Ile
strike her I warrant.

Mis Gou. Thats my good Dicke, thats my sweet Dicke,

Coom. Swounes who would not bee a man of valour to haue

such words of a Gentlewoman, one of their wocrdes are more to me then twentie of these ruffet coates cheese-cakes, and butter-makers: well, I thanke God I am none of these cowards, wel and a man haue any vertue in him, I see he shall bee regarded.

Mis. Gou. Art thou resolued Dicke? wilt thou doo this for me, and if thou wilt, here is an earnest penny, of that rich gueridon I do meane to giue thee.

Coom. An angell mistresse let mee see, stand you on my left hand, and let the angell lie on my buckler on my right hand, for feare of loosing, now heare I stand I to bee tempted, they say, euery man hath two spirits attending on him, either good or bad, now I say a man hath no other spirites but eyther his wealth or his wife, now which is the better of them, why that is as they are vsed, for vse neither of them well, and they are both naught, but this is a miracle to me, that golde that is heauie that is the vppet, and a woman that is light doth soonest fall, considering that light thinges a spire, and heauie thinges soonest go downe, but leaue these considerations to sir *Iohn*, they become a blacke coate better then a blew, well mistresse I had no minde to day to quarrell, but a woman is made to bee a mans seducer, you say quarrell.

Mis. Gou. I. *Coom.* There speakes an angell is it good?

Mis. Gou. I.

Coom. Then I cannot do amisse, the good angell goes with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter sir *Raphe Smob his Lady and Will.*

Sir Rap. Come on my hearts, I faith it is ill lucke,
To hunt all day and not kill any thing,
What say est thou Ladie, art thou wearie yet?

La. I must not say so sir.

Sir Ra. Although thou art.

Wil. And can you blame her to be foorth so long,
And see no better sport?

Ra. Good faith twas very hard,

Lad. No twas not ill,
Because you know it is not good to kill.

Ra. Yes venson Ladie.

Lad. No indeed not them,

Life

Life is as deere in deare as tis in men.

Rap. But they are kild for sport,

Lad. But thats bad play,

When they are made to sport their liues away.

Rap. Tis fine to see them runne,

La. What out of breath?

They runne but ill that runne themselues to death,

Rap. They might make them leslie hast and keep their wind.

La. Why then they see the hounds bring a death behinde,

Rap. Then twere as good for them at first to stay,

As to runne long and runne their liues away.

La. I but the stoutest of you all thats here,

Would runne from death and nimbly scud for feare.

Now by my troth I pitie thats poore Elfet.

Ra. Well, they haue made vs all haue sport to day,

La. Yes twas my sport to see them scape away.

Will. I wish that I had beene at one buckes fall.

La. Out thou woodie tyrant thou art worst of all

Will. A woodman Ladie, but no tyrant I.

La. Yes tyrant like thou louest to see them die.

Ra. Lady no more I do not like this sucke,

To hunt all day and yet not kill a bucke,

Well, it is late, but yet I sweare I will

Stay heere all night but I a bucke will kill

La. All night, nay good sir *Raph*, I do not

Ra. Content ye Ladie, *Will*, go fetch my bow,

A berrie of faire Roses I saw to day,

Downe by the groues, and there Ile take my stand

And shoot at one, God send a lucky hand

La. Will ye not then sir *Raph* go home with me

Rap. No, but my men shall beare thee company

Sirs man her home, Will bid the hunts men stay

And bid them well reward their hounds to night,

Ladie farewell, Will hast ye with the bow

Ile stay for thee heere by the grone below.

Wil. I will, but twill be darke I feare me too,

How shall I see ye there

Ra. Why hollow to me and I will answere thee

Will. Enough

Will. Enough I will. *Raph.* Farewell.

La. How willingly dooſt thou conſent to go,
To ſeeche thy maiſter that ſame killing blow.

Wil. Guiltie of death I willing am at this,
Becauſe twas our ill happes to day to miſſe,
To hunt and not to kill is hunters ſorrow,
Come Ladie, we ell haue venſon ere to morrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philip *and* Franke.

Phil. Come *Franke* now are we hard by th'houſe,
But how now, ſidst

Fran. No, to ſtudie howe to woe thy ſiſter,

Phil. How man, how to woe her? why no matter how,
I am ſure thou wilt not be aſhamed to woe,
Thy cheekes not ſubiect to a childiſh bluſh,
Thou haſte a better warrant by thy wit,
I knowe thy oratorie can vnfold,
Quicke inuention, plauſible diſcourſe,
And ſet ſuch painted beawtie on thy tongue,
As it ſhall raviſh euery maiden ſence,
For Franke, thou art not like the ruſſet youth
I tolde thee of, that were to woe a wench,
And being full ſtuft vp with fallow wit,
And meddow matter, aſkt the prettie maide,
How they ſolde corne laſt market day with them,
Saying: indeed twas very deare with them,
And do ye heare, he had not need be ſo,
For thee will *Francis* thorowly trie your wit,
Sirra ſheel bowle the mettall of your wits,
And if they cracke ſhe will not hold ye currant,
Nay ſhe will weye your wit as men weye angels,
And if it lacke a graine, ſhe will not change with ye,
I cannot ſpeake it but in paſſion,
Shee is a wicked wench to make ieſts,
Aye me how full of floutes and mockes ſhe is.

Fran. Some *Aqua vitæ* receipt to recouer
This ſicke diſcourſe, ſwound not prethie *Philip*,

Phil. Tuſh, tuſh, I do not thinke her as thou ſayeſt,
Perhappes ſhee's but coye, darling *Philip*, well

Wiſe

Wiſe in repute, the crowes bird o my friend,
Some iudgements ſlaue themſelues to ſmall deſart,
And wondernize the birth of common wit,
When their wone ſtraungenes do but make that ſtrange,
And their ill errors do but make that good,
And why ſhould men debaſe to make that good,
Perhaps ſuch admiration winnes her wit.
Phil. Well, I am glad to heare this bold prepare,
For this encounter, forward hardy *Franke*,
Yonders the window, with the candle in't,
Belike ſhees putting on her night attire,
I told ye *Franke* twas late, well I will call her,
Marie ſoftly that my mother may not heare:
Mall, ſiſter Mall. *Enter* Mall *in the window.*
Mal. How now, whoſe there?
Phil. Tis I.
Mal. Tis I, who I? I quoth the dogge, or what?
A chriſt croſſe rowe I?
Phil. No ſweete pinckanie.
Mal. O iſt you wilde oates?
Phil. I forſooth wanton.
Mal. Well ſaid ſcape thrift.
Fran. Phillip be theſe your vſuall beſt ſalutes?
Phil. This is the harmleſſe chiding of that doue,
Fran. Doue, one of thoſe that drawe the Queen of loue?
Mal. How now? whoſe that brother, whoſe that with ye?
Phil. A Gentleman my friend.
Mal. Beladie he hath a pure wit.
Fran. How meanes your holy iudgement?
Mal. O well put in ſir.
Fran. Vp you would ſay.
Mal. Well clymd Gentleman,
I pray ſir tell me, do you carte the queene of loue?
Fran. Not cart her, but couch her in your eie,
And a fit place for gentle loue to lie.
Mal. I but me thinkes you ſpeake without the booke,
To place a ſower wheele waggon in my looke,
Where will you haue roome to haue the coach-man ſit?

Fran. Nay that were but small manners, and not fit,
His dutie is before you bare to stand,
Hauing a lustie whipstocke in his hand.
Mal. The place is voyde, will you prouide me one?
Fran. And if you please I will supply the roome.
Mal. But are ye cunning in the carmans lash?
And can ye whistle well?
Fran. Yes I can well direct the coach of loue.
Mal. Ah cruell carter, would you whip a doue?
Phi. Harke ye sister?
Mal. Nay, but harke ye brother?
Whose white boy is that same? know ye his mother?
Phil. he is a Gentleman of a good house,
Mal. Why is his house of gold, is it not made of lyme and stone like this?
Phil. I meane hees well descended. *Mal.* God be thanked.
Did he descend some steeple or some ladder?
Phil. Well, you will still be crosse, I tell ye sister,
This Gentleman by all your friends consent,
Must be your husband.
Mal. Nay not all, some sing another note,
My mother will say no, I hold a groate,
But I thought twas somewhat, he would be a carter,
He hath beene whipping lately some blinde beare.
And now he would ferke the blinde boy here with vs.
Phil. Well, do you heare, you sister, mistresse would haue,
You that do long for somewhat, I know what,
My father tolde me, go to Ile, tell all,
If ye be crosse, do ye heare me? I haue labord
A yeares worke in this afternoone for ye,
Come from your cloyster, votarie, chaste Nun,
Come downe and kisse Franke Gourseis mothers sonne.
Mal. kisse him I pray?
Phil. Go to, stale maidenhead, come downe I say,
You seuenteene and vpward, come come downe,
You'l stay till twentie else for your wedding gowne,
Mal. Nun, votarie, stale maidenhead, seuenteen and vpward, Here be names, what nothing else?
Fran. Yes,

Fran. Yes; or a faire built steeple without belles,
Mal. Steeple good people, nay another cast,
Fran. I, or a well made shippe without a mast.
Mal. Fie not so big sir, by one part of foure.
Fran. Why then ye are a boate without an oare.
Mal. O well rode wit, but whats your fare I pray?
Fran. Your faire selfe must be my fairest pay.
Mal. Nay, and you be so deare, Ile chuse another.
Fran. Why take your first man wench, and go no further.
Phil. Peace *Francis*, harke ye sister, this I say, You know my mind, or answere I or nay, Wit and iudgement hath resolude his mind, And he foresees what after he shall finde,
If such discretion then shall gouerne you,
Vow loue to him, heele do the like to you.
Mal. Vow loue? who would not loue such a comely feature?
Nor high nor lowe, but of the middle stature,
A middle man thats the best syze indeed,
I like him well, Loue graunt vs well to speed.
Fran. And let me see a woman of that tallnesse,
So slender, and of such a middle smalnesse,
So olde enough, and in each part so fit,
So faire, so kinde, endued with so much wit,
Of so much wit as it is held a wonder,
Twere pittie to keepe loue and her asunder,
Therefore go vp my ioy, call downe my blisse,
Bid her come seale the bargaine with a kisse.
Mal. Franke, Franke, I come through dangers; death and (harmes,
To make Loues patient with thy seale of armes.
Phil. But sister softly, least my mother heare. *Exit* Mall
Mal. Hush then, mum, mouse in cheese, cat is neare.
Fran. Now in good faith *Phillip* this makes me smile,
That I haue woed and wonne in so small while.
Phil. Francis, indeed my sister I dare say,
Was not determined to say thee nay,
For this same tother thing, calde maiden-head,
Hangs by so small a haire or spiders thread,
And worne so to with time, it must needs fall,
And like a well lur'de hawke, she knowes her call.

Mal. Whist brother whist, my mother heard me tread,
And askt whose there? I would not answere her,
She calde a light, and vp shes gone to seeke me,
There when she findes me not, sheel hether come,
Therefore dispatch let it be quickly done,
Francis, my loues lease I do let to thee,
Date of my life and thine, what saiest thou to me?
The entring, fine, or income thou must pay,
Are kisses and embrases euerie day,
And quarterly I must receiue my rent,
You know my minde.

Fran. I gesse at thy intent,
Thou shalt not misse a minute of thy time.

Mal. Why then sweet *Francis* I am onely thine,
Brother beare witnesse.

Phill. Do ye deliuer this as your deed?

Mal. I do I do.

Phil. God send ye both good speed, Gods Lord my mother?
Stand aside and closely too, least that you be espied.

Mis. Bar. Whose there? *Phil.* Mother tis I.

Mis. Bar. You disobedient ruffen, careless wretch,
That said your father loude me but too well,
Ile thinke on't when thou think'st I haue forgot it:
Whose with thee else? how now minion you?
With whom? with him? why what make you here sir?
And thus late too, what hath your mother sent ye
To cut my throate, that here you be in waight?
Come from him mistresse, and let go his hand,
Will ye not sir?

Fran. Stay mistresse Barnes, or mother, what ye will,
Shees my wife, and heere she shall be still.

Mis. Bar. How sir your wife? wouldst thou my daughter haue?
Ile rather haue her married to her graue,
Go to be gone, and quickly, or I sweare,
Ile haue my men beate ye for staying here.

Phil. Beat him mother, as I am true man,
They were better beate the diuell and his dam.

Mis. Bar. What wilt thou take his part?

Phil. To

Phil. To doe him good,
And twere to wade hetherto vp in blood.
Fran. God a mercy *Philip*, but mother heere me.
Miſ. Bar. Calſt thou me mother, no thy mothers name
Carryes about with it, reproche and ſhame:
Giue me my daughter, ere that ſhe ſhall wed,
A ſtrumpets ſonne, and haue her ſo miſlead,
Ile marry her to a Carter: come I ſay,
Giue me her from thee.
Fra. Mother not to day,
Nor yet to morrow, till my liues laſt morrow,
Make me leaue that, which I with leaue did borrow,
Heere I haue borrowed loue, ile not denaie it,
Thy wedding night's my day, then ile repay it:
Till then ſheele truſt me, wenche iſt not ſo,
And if it be, ſay I, if not, ſay no.
Mall. Mother, good mother, heare me o good God,
Now we are euen, what would you make vs odde?
Now I beſeech yee for the loue of Chriſt,
To giue me leaue once to do what I liſt.
I am as you were when you were a maide,
Geſſe by your ſelfe, how long you would haue ſtaide,
Might you haue had your will, as good begin,
At firſt as laſt, it ſaues vs from much ſinne,
Lying alone, we muſe on things and things,
And in our mindes, one thought another brings,
This maides life mother is an idle life,
Therefore Ile be, I, I will be a wife,
And mother do not miſtruſt my age or power,
I am ſufficient, I lacke neere an houre,
I had both wit to graunt when he did woe me,
And ſtrength to beare what ere hee can doe to me.
Miſ. Bar. Well bold-face, but I meane to make yee ſtay,
Go to, come from him, or ile make yee come,
Will yee not come?
Phil. Mother, I pray forbeare,
This matche is for my ſiſter,
Miſ. Bar. Villaine tis not,

Nor she shall not be so matcht now.
Phil. In troth she shall, and your vnrulie hate,
Shall not rule vs, weele end all this debate,
By this begun deuise.
Mist. Bar. I end what you begun, villaines, theeues,
Giue me my daughter, wil yee rob me of her?
Helpe, helpe, theil rob me heere, theil rob me heere.
Enter Maister Barnes *and his men.*
M. Ba. How now, what outcry is heere? why how now woma?
Mis. Bar. Why *Gourseys* sonne, confederates with this boye,
This wretch vnnaturall and vndutifull,
Seekes hence to steale my daughter, will you suffer it?
Shall he thats sonne to my arch-enemie,
Enioy her? haue I brought her vp to this?
O God he shall not haue her, no he shall not.
M. Ba. I am sorry she knowes it, harke yee wife,
Let reason moderate your rage a little,
If you examine but his birth and liuing,
His wit and good behauiour, you will say,
Though that ill hate make your opinion bad,
He dooth deserue as good a wife as she.
Enter Mistresse Gourse *and* Coomes.
Mis. Bar. Why will you giue consent he shall enioy her?
M. *Bar.* I, so that thy minde would agree with mine.
Mis. Bar. My minde shall neere agree to this agreement.
M. *Ba.* And yet it shall go forward, but who's heere?
What, Mistresse *Gourse*, how knew she of this?
Phil. Franke, thy mother.
Fran. Sownes where? a plague vpon it,
I thinke the diuell is set to crosse this match.
Mis. Gou. This is the house Dick *Coomes*, & yonders light,
Let vs go neere: how now, me thinkes I see
My sonne stand hand in hand, with *Barnes* his daughter,
Why how now sirra, is this time of night,
For you to be abroad, what haue we heere?
I hope that loue hath not thus coupled you:
Fra. Loue by my troth mother, Loue, she loues me,
And I loue her, then we must needs agree.

Mis. Bar

Miſ.Bar. I but Ile keepe her ſure enough from thee.
Miſ.Gou. It ſhall not neede, Ile keepe him ſure enough,
Be ſure he ſhall not graft in ſuch a ſtock,
Miſ.Bar, What ſtock forſooth? as good a ſtocke as thine,
I do not meane that he ſhall graft in mine.
Miſ.Gou. Nor ſhall he miſtreſſe, harke boy? th'art but mad
To loue the branch, that hath a roote ſo bad,
Fran. Then mother, ile graft a Pippin on a Crab.
Miſ.Gou. It will not prooue well.
Fra. But Ile prooue my skill.
Miſ.Bar. Syr but you ſhall not.
Fra. Mothers both I wil.
M.Bar. Harke *Phillip*, ſend away thy ſiſter ſtraight,
Let *Frauncis* meete her where thou thalt appoint,
Let them go ſeuerall to ſhunne ſuſpition,
And bid them goe to Oxford both this night.
There to morrow ſay that we will meete them,
And there determine of their mariage.
Phil. I will, though it be very late and darke,
My ſiſter will endure it for a husband.
M.Bar. Well then at Carſolkes boy, I meane to meet them.
Phil. Enough, would they would begin to chide, *Exit.*
For I would haue them brawling, that meane while,
They may ſteale hence, to meete where I appoint it:
What mother, will you let this match go forward:
Or miſtreſſe *Gourſey* will you firſt agree?
Miſ.Gou. Shall I agree firſt?
Phil. I why not, come, come.
Miſ.Gou. Come from her ſonne, & if thou lou'ſt thy mother.
Mr.Bar. With the like ſpell, daughter I coniure thee.
Miſ.Gour. Francis, by faire meanes, let me win thee from hir,
And I will gild my bleſſing gentle ſonne,
With ſtore of Angels, I would not haue thee
Check thy good fortune, by this cuſning choiſe,
O doe not thrall thy happy libertie,
In ſuch a bondage, if thou'lt needs be bound,
Be then to better worth, this worthleſſe choiſe
Is not fit for thee.

Miſ.Bar. Ift

Mist. Bur. Ist not fit for him, wherefore ist not fit?
Is he too braue a Gentleman I pray,
No tis not fit, she shall not fit his turne,
If she were wise, she would be fitter for
Three times his better. minion go in, or Ile make yee,
Ile keepe ye safe from him I warrant yee.

Mis. Gou. Come *Frauncis*, come from her.

Fran. Mothers, with both hands, shoue I hate from loue,
That like an ill companion would infect,
The infant minde of our affection,
Within this cradell shall this minuts babe,
Be laide to rest, and thus Ile hug my ioy.

Mis. Gou. Wilt thou be obstinate, thou selfe wild boy?
Nay then perforce Ile parte yee since yee will not.

Coom. Doe yee heere mistresse, praye yee giue me leaue to talke two or three colde words with my young Maister, harke yee syr, yee are my maisters sonne, and so foorth, and indeed I beare yee some good will, partly for his sake, and partlye for your owne, and I do hope you doe the like to me, I should be sorry els: I must needs say yee are a yong man, and for mine owne part, I haue seene the world, and I know what belongs to causes, and the experience that I haue, I thanke God I haue traueld for it.

Fra. Why how farre haue yee traueld for it?

Boy. From my maisters house to the Ale-house.

Coom. How sir? *Boy.* So sir,

Coom. Goe to I pray, correct your boye, twas neere a good world, since a boye would face a man so.

Fra. Go to forward man.

Coomes. Well sir, so it is, I would not wish ye to marry without my mistris consent.

Franke. And why?

Coomes. Naye, theres neere a why, but there is a wherefore, I haue knowne some haue done the like, and they haue daunst a Galliard at Beggers bush for it.

Boy. At Beggers bush, heere him no more Maister, he doth be dawbe yee with his durty speeches: do yee heere sir, how farre stands Beggers bushe from your fathers house syr? why thou

thou whorson refuge of a Taylor, that wert prentise to a Taylor halfe an age, and because if thou hadst serued ten ages thou wouldst proone but a botcher, thou leapst from the shop board to a Blew coate: dooth it become thee to vse thy termes so? well thou degree aboue a hackney, and ten degrees vnder a Page, sowe vp your lubber lippes, or tis not your sworde and Bucklar, shall keepe my Poynard from your breast.

Coomes. Do yee heere sir, this is your boye.

Fra. How then?

Coomes. You must breech him for it.

Fra. Must I? how if I will not.

Coomes. Why then tis a fine world, when boyes keep boyes, and know not how to vse them.

Fra. Boye, yee rascall.

Mis. Gour. Strike him and thou darst.

Coomes. Strike me, alas he were better strike his father, Sownes go to, put vp your Bodkin.

Fra. Mother stand by, Ile teach that rascall.

Coomes. Go to, giue me good words, or by Gods dines Ile buckle yee, for all your bird-spit.

Fra. Will you so sir?

Phi. Staye *Franke*, this pitche of Frensey will defile thee, Meddle not with it, thy vnreproued valour, Should be high minded: couche it not so lowe, Doost heere me? take occasion to slip hence, But secretly, let not thy mother see thee, At the backe side there is a cunnie greene, Stay there for me, and *Mall* and I will come to thee.

Fra. Enough, I will: Mother you doe me wrong, To be so peremptorie in your commaund, And see that rascall to abuse me so.

Coomes. Rascall, take that and take all, do yee heare sir, I doe not meane to pocket vp this wrong.

Boy. I know why that is. *Coomes.* Why?

Boy. Because you haue nere a pocket.

Coom. A whip sira, a whip: but sir, prouide your tooles against to morrow morning, tis somewhat darke now indeede, you know Dawsons close, betweene the bridge and the pond, tis

good euen ground, Ile meete you there, and I do not, call me cut, and you be a man showe your selfe a man, weele haue a boute or two, and so weele part for that present.

Fra. Well sir, well.

Nich. Boye, haue they appointed to fight?

Boy. I *Nicholas*, wilt not thou go see the fraye?

Nich. No indeed, euen as they brew so let them bake, I will not thrust my hand into the flame and neede not, tis not good to haue an oare in another mans boate, little said is soone amended, and in little medling commeth great rest, tis good sleeping in a whole skin, so a man might come home by weeping crosse: no by lady, a friend is not so soone gotten as lost, blessed are the peace-makers, they that strike with the sword, shall be beaten with the scabberd.

Phil. Well said proverbes, here another to that purpose.

Nich. Yes I could haue said to you syr, take heede is a good (reede.

Phil. Why to me take heede

Nich. For happy is he whom other mens harmes do make to (beware,

Phi. O beware *Franke*, slip away *Mall*,

You know what I told yee, Ile hold our mothers both in talke meane while: Mother and Mistresse *Barnes*, me thinkes you should not stand in hatred so hard one with another.

Mi. Bar. Should I not sir? should I not hate a harlot,
That robs me of my right, vilde boye?

Mis. Gour. That title I returne vnto thy teeth,
And spit the name of harlot in thy face.

Mis. Bar. Well, tis not time of night to hold out chat,
With such a scold as thou art, therefore now,
Thinke that I hate thee as I do the diuell.

Mis. Gour. The diuell take thee if thou dooste not wretch.

Mis. Bar. Out vpon thee strumpet.

Mis. Gou. Out vpon thee harlot.

Mis. Bar. Well, I will finde a time to be reuenged:
Meane time Ile keepe my daughter from thy sonne,
Where are yee minions? how now are yee gone.

Phil. She went in mother.

Mis. Gour. Fraunces where are yee? (gether.

Mis. Bar. He is not here, o then they slipt away, & both to-

Phil. Ile

Phi. Ile assure yee no, my sister she went in into the house.
Mas. Bar. But then sheele out againe at the backe doore,
And meete with him, but I will search about
All these same fields and paths neere to my house,
They are not far I am sure, if I make haste. *Exit.*
Mis. Gour. O God how went he hence? I did not see him,
It was when *Barnes* wife did scolde with me,
A plague vpon her, Dick why didst not thou looke to him?
Coom. What should I looke for him? no, no, I looke not for him while to morrow morning.
Mis. Gou. Come go with me to helpe me looke him out,
Alas, I haue nor light, nor Lincke, nor Torche,
Though it be darke, I will take any paines,
To crosse this matche, I prithee Dicke away.
Coom. Mistresse, because I brought yee out, Ile bring yee home, but if I should follow, so hee might haue the law on his side.
Mi. Gou. Come tis no matter, prithee go with me. *Exeunt.*
M. Bar. *Phillip*, thy mother's gone to seeke thy sister,
And in a rage I faith, but who comes heere?
Phil. Olde maister *Goursey*, as I thinke tis he.
M. Bar. Tis so in deed. *M. Gour.* Who's there?
M. Bar. A friend of yours.
M. Gou. What maister *Barnes* did yee not see my wife?
M. Bar. Yes sir I saw her, she was heere euen now.
M. Gou. I doubted that, that made me come vnto you:
But whether is she gone?
Phil. To seeke your sonne, who slipt away from her,
To meete with *Mall* my sister in a place
Where I appointed: and my mother too,
Seekes for my sister, so they both are gone,
My mother hath a Torche, mary your wife
Goes darkling vp and downe, and *Coomes* before her.
M. Gou. I thought that knaue was with her, but tis well,
I pray God they may come by nere a light,
But both be led a darke daunce in the night.
Hod. Why is my fellow Dick in the darke with my Mistres?
I praye God they be honest, for there may be much knauerie

in the Darke, faith if I were there, I would haue some knauery
with them. good maister will ye carry the torche your selfe, &c.
giue me leaue to play at blind man buffe with my Mistresse.

Phil. On that condition thou wilt doo thy best,
To keepe thy Mistresse, and thy fellow Dicke,
Both from my sister, and thy maisters sonne,
I will entreate thy Maister let thee goe.

Hodge. O I, I warrant yee, ile haue fine tricks to cousen them.

M. Gour. Well sir, then go your wayes, I giue you leaue.

Hodge. O braue, but where about are they? (them.

Phi. About our cunny greene they surely are, if thou canst find

Hodge. O let me alone to grope for Cunnies. *Exit.*

Phil. Well, now will I to *Franke* and to my sister,
Stand you two hearkning neere the cunny greene,
But sure your light in you must not be seene,
Or els let *Nicholas* stand a far off with it.
And as his life keepe it from Mistres *Gourfey*.
Shall this be doone? *M. Bar.* *Phillip* it shall,

Phil. God be with ye, ile be gone. *Exit.*

M. Bar. Come on maister *Gourfey*, this same is a meanes,
To make our wiues friends, if they resist not.

M. Gour. Tut fyr, how so euer it shall go forward.

M. Bar. Come then lets do, as *Phillip* hath aduised. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mall.

Mall. Heere is the place where *Phillip* bad me stay,
Till *Francis* came, but wherefore did my brother
Appoint it heere? why in the Cunny borough?
He had some meaning in't I warrant yee,
Well heere Ile set me downe vnder this tree,
And thinke vpon the matter all alone.
Good Lord what pritty things these Cunnyes are,
How finely they do feed till they be fat,
And then what a sweete meate a Cunny is,
And what smooth skins they haue, both blacke and graye,
They say they runne more in the night then day,
What is the reason marke, why in the light,
They see more passengers then in the night,
For harmfull men many a haye do set:

And

And laugh to see them tumble in the net,
And they put ferrets in the holes, fie, fie,
And they go vp and downe where conneies lie,
And they ly still, they haue so little wit,
I marule the Warriners will suffer it,
Nay, nay, they are so bad, that they themselues
Do giue consent to catch these prettie elues,
How if the Warriner should spie me here?
He would take me for a conny I dare sweare.
But when that *Francis* comes, what will he say?
Looke boy there lies a conney in my way:
But soft, a light, whose that? soule my mother,
Nay then all hid, I faith she shall not see me,
Ile play bo peepe with her behind this tree.

Mis. Bar. I maruell where this Wench do hide her selfe
So closely? I haue search't in many a bush,

Mal. Belike my mother tooke me for a Thrush.

Mis. Ba. Shees hid in this same Warren Ile lay money.

Mal. Close as a rabbet sucker from an olde conney.

Mis. Bar. O God, I would to God that I could find her,
I would keepe her from her loues toyes yet.

Mal. I so you might if your daughter had no wit.

Mis. Bar. What a vilde girle tis that would hau't so young.

Mal. A murren take that dessembling tongue,
Ere your calues teeth were out you thought it long.

Mis. Bar. But minion, yet Ile keepe you from the man.

Mal. To saue a lie mother, say if you can.

Mis. Bar. Well, now to looke for her.

Mal. I there's the spight,
What tricke shall I now haue to scape her light?

Mis. Bar. Whose there? what minion is it you?
Beshrew her heart, what a fright she put me to,
But I am glad I found her, though I was afraide,
Come on your waies, you'r a handsome maide.
Why you sooth a doores so late at night?
Why whether go ye? come stand still I say.

Mal. No indeed mother, this is my best way.

Mis. Bar. Tis not the best way, stand by me I tell ye.

Mal. No you would catch me mother, o I smell ye,

Mis. Bar Will ye not stand still?

Mal. No by Ladie no.

Mis. Bar. But I will make ye. *Mal.* Nay then trip and go.

Mis Bar. Mistresse, Ile make ye wearie ere I haue done,

Mal. Faith mother then Ile trie how you can runne,

Mis. Bar. Will ye?

Mal. Yes faith. *Exeunt.*

Enter. Fran. Mal, sweet heart, *Mal?* what not a word?

Boy. A little further maister call againe.

Fran. Why Mal, I prethie speake, why Mal I say?
I know thou art not farre, if thou wilt speake, why Mall,
But now I see sheees in her merrie vaine,
To make me call and put me to more paine,
Well, I must beare with her, sheel beare with me,
But I will call, least that it be not so,
What Mal? what Mall I say, boy are we right?
Haue we not mist the way this same darke night?

Boy. Masse it may be so as I am true man,
I haue not seen a cunny since I came,
Yet at the connyborow we should meete,
But harke, I heare the trampling of some feete.

Fran. It may be so, then therefore lets lie close.

Mis. Gou. Where art thou Dicke?

Coom. Where am I quoth a, marie I may bee where any bodie will say I am, eyther in *France* or at *Rome*, or at *Jerusalem* they may say I am, for I am not able to disproue them, because I cannot tell where I am.

Mis. Gou. O what a blindfold walke haue we had Dicke,
To seeke my sonne, and yet I cannot finde him?

Coom. Why then Mistresse lets go home.

Mis. Gou. Why tis so darke we shall not finde the way.

Fran. I pray God ye may not mother till to be day.

Coom. Sbloud take heed mistresse heres a tree.

Mis Gou. Lead thou the way, and let me hold by thee

Boy. Dicke Coomer, what difference is there between a blind man, and he that cannot see?

Fran. Peace, a pose on thee,

Coom. Swounds

Coom. Swounds some bodie spake.

Mis. Gou. Dicke looke about.

It may be here we may finde them out.

Coom. I see the glimpes of some bodie here,

And ye be a sprite Ile fraie the bug beare,

There a goes mistresse.

Mis. Gou. O sir haue I spide you?

Fran. A plague on the boy, twas he that descried me, *Exeunt.*

Phil. How like a beauteous Ladie maskt in blacke,

Lookes that same large circumference of heauen,

The skye that was so faire three houres ago,

Is in three houres become an Ethcope,

And being angrie at her beauteous change,

She will not haue one of those pearled starres,

To blab her fable metamorphesie:

Tis very darke, I did appoynt my sister,

To meete me at the cunnie bemie below,

And *Francis* too, but neither can I see,

Belike my mother hapned on that place,

And fraid them from it, and they both are now,

Wandring about these fields, how shall I finde them?

It is so darke, I scarce can see my hand,

Why then Ile hollow for them, no not so,

So will his voyce betray him to our mothers,

And if he answere, and bring them where he is,

What shall I then do? it must not be so?

Sblould it must be so, how else I pray?

Shall I stand gaping here all night till day?

And then be nere the neere, so ho, so ho.

Will. So ho, I come, where are ye? where art thou here?

Phil. How now Franke, where hast beene?

Will. Franke, what Franke? sblould is sir *Raph* mad, here's

Phil. I haue not bin much priuate with that boyes (the bone

Me thinkes Franke Gourses talke and his dog's tell true,

I am mistaken, especially by his bow,

Franke had no bow, well, I will leaue this fellow,

And hollow some what farther in the fields,

Do'st thou heare fellow, I perceiue by thee,

That

That we are both mistaken, I spoke to soone
For one thou art not, likewise thou tookst me
For sir *Raph Smith*, but sure I am not hee,
And so farewell, I must go seeke my friend, so hoe.

Will. So ho, so ho, nay then sir *Raph* so whoe,
For a whore she was sure, if you had her here
So late, now you are sir *Raph Smith*,
Well do ye counterfeit and change your voyce,
But yet I know ye, but what should he that *Francis*?
Belike that *Francis* cusseth him of his wench,
And he conceals himselfe to finde her out,
Tis so vpon my life, well I will go
And helpe him ring his peale of so ho, so ho,

Enter Franke.

Fran. A plague on *Cooper*, a plague vpon the boy,
A plague too, not on my mother for an hundreth pound,
T'was time to runne, and yet I had not thought
My mother could haue followed me so close,
Her legges with age I thought had foundered,
She made me quite runne through a quickset hedge,
Or she had taken me; well I may say,
I haue runne through the briers for a wench,
And yet I haue her not, the woorse lucke mine,
Me thought I heard one hollow here about,
I iudge it *Phillip*, O the slaue will laugh
When as he heares how that my mother scarde me,
Well, heere Ile stand vntill I heare him hollow,
And then Ile answere him, he is not farre,

Raph. My man is hollowing for me vp and downe,
And yet I cannot meete with him, so ho.

Fran. So ho.

Raph. Why what a pose, wert thou so neere me man,
And wouldst not speake?

Fran. Sblood ye're very hot.

Ra. No sir I am colde enough with staying here
For such a knaue as you.

Fran. Knaue, how now *Phillip* are mad, art mad?

Ra. Why art not thou my man?

Fran. Indeed

Fran. Indeed a bowe,
Might shoote me ten bowes downe the weather so,
I your man. *Ra.* What art thou then?
Hollow within Phillip *and* Will.

Fran. A man, but whats thy name?
Ra. Some call me *Raph.*
Fran. Then honest *Raph* farewell.
Ra. Well said familiar *Will*, plaine *Raph* I faith.
Fran. There calles my man,
Ra. But there goes mine away.
And yet Ile heare what this next call will say.
And here Ile tarie till he call againe.
Wil. So ho. *Fran.* So ho, where art thou *Phillip*?
Wil. Sblould *Philip*,
But now he calde me Francis, this is fine.
Fran. Why studie st thou I prethie tell me *Phillip*,
Where she whench is?
Wil. Euen now he askt me *Francis* for the wench,
And now he askt me *Phillip* for the wench,
Well sir *Raph* I must needs tell ye now,
Tis not for your credit to be foorth,
So late a wenching in this order.
Fran. Whats this, so late a wenching doth he say?
Indeed tis true, I am thus late a wenching,
But I am forc'st to wench without a wench.
Wil. Why then you might haue tane your bow at first,
And gone and kilde a bucke, and not haue been
So long a drabbing, and be nere the neere.
Fran. Swounds what a puzell am I in this night,
But yet Ile put this fellow farther,
Doost thou heare man? I am not sir *Raph Smith*,
As thou doost thinke I am, but I did meete him,
Euen as thou saiest in pursuite of a wench,
I met the wench too, and she ask for thee,
Saying twas thou that wert her loue, her deare,
And that sir *Raph* was not an honest knight,
To traine her thether, and to vse her so.
Wil. Sbloud my wench, swounds were he ten sir *Raphes*,
Fran. Nay

Fran. Nay tis true, looke to it, and so farewell. *Exit.*

Wil. Indeed I do loue Nan our darie maide,
And hath he traine her foorth to that intent?
Or for another, I carrie his crossebow,
And he doth crosse me, shooting in my bow,
What, shall I do? *Enter* Phillip.

Phil. So ho? *Raph.* So ho.

Phil. Francis art thou there?

Ra. No heres no Francis, art thou Will my man?

Phil. Will foole your man, will aſgo e your man,
My backe ſir ſcornes to weare your liuerie.

Raph. Nay ſir I mooude but ſuch a queſtion to you,
And it hath not diſparegd you I hope,
Twas but miſtaking, ſuch a night as this
May well deceiue a man. God boye ſir.

Phil. Gods will tis ſir Raph Smith, a vertuous knight,
How gently entertaines he my hard anſwere?
Rude anger made my tongue vnmannerly
I crie him mercie, well, but all this while,
I cannot finde a Francis, Francis ho?

Wil. Francis ho, o you call Francis now,
How haue ye vſde my Nan? come tell me how.

Phil. Thy Nan, what Nan?

Wil. I, what Nan now, ſay, do you not ſeeke a wench?

Phil. Yes I do,

Wil. Then ſir that is ſhe.

Phil. Art not thou I met withall before?

Wil. Yes ſir, and you did counterfeit before,
And ſaid to me you were not ſir *Raph Smith*.

Phil. No more I am not, I met ſir *Raph Smith*,
Euen now he askt me if I ſaw his man.

Wil. O fine.

Phil. Why firra thou art much deceiued in me,
Good faith I am not he thou thinkſt I am.

Wil. What are ye then?

Phil. Why one that ſeekes one Francis and a wench.

Wil. And Francis ſeekes one Phillip and a wench.

Phil. How canſt thou tell?

Wil. I met him seeking Phillip and a wench,
As I was seeking sir Raph and a wench.

Phil. Why then I know the matter, we met crosse,
And so we mist, now here we finde our losse,
Well, if thou wilt, we two will keepe togither,
And so we shall meet right with one or other.

Wil. I am content, but do you heare me sir?
Did not sir *Raph Smith* aske ye for a wench?

Phil. No I promise thee, nor did he looke for any
But thy selfe, as I could gesse.

Wil. why this is straunge, but come sir lets away,
I feare that we shall walke here till it be day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Boy. O God I haue runne so farre into the winde, that I haue runne my selfe out of winde, they say a man is neere his end when he lackes breath, and I am at the end of my race, for I can run no farther then here I be in my breath bed, not in my death bed.

Enter Coomes.

Coom. They say men moyle and toyle for a poore liuing, so I moyle and toyle, and am liuing I thanke God, in good time be it spoken, it had been better for me my mistresse angell had beene light, for then perhappes it had not lead mee into this darkenesse, well, the diuell neuer blesses a man better, when hee purses vppe angelles by owlight, I ranne through a hedge to take the boy. but I stuck in the ditch, and lost the boy: swounds a plague on that clod, that mowlhil, that ditch, or what the diuel so ere it were, for a man cannot see what it was, well, I would not for the prize of my sword and buckler, any body should see me in this taking, for it would make me but cut off their legs for laughing at me, well, downe I am, and downe I meane to be, because I am wearie, but to tumble downe thus, it was no part of my meaning, then since I am downe, here lle rest me, and no man shall remoone me.

Enter Hodge.

Hodge. O I haue sport in conv Isaith, I haue almost burst my

my selfe with laughing at mistresse Barnes, she was following of her daughter, and I hearing her, put on my fellow Dickes sword and buckler, voyce, and his swounds and sbloud words, and led her such a dance in the darke as it passes, heere shee is quoth I, where quoth she? here quoth I, O it hath been a braue here & there night, but O what a soft natured thing the durt is? how it would endure my hard treading, and kisse my feete for acquaintance, and how courteous and mannerly were the cloddes, to make me stumble onely of purpose to entreate me lye downe and rest me, but now and I could find my fellow Dicke, I would play the knaue with him honestly I faith. Wel, I will grope in the darke for him, or Ile poke with my staffe like a blinde man, to preuent a ditch. *He stumbles vpon Dicke Coomes.*

Coom. Whose that with a poxe?

Hod. Whoart thou with a pestilence?

Coom. Why I am Dicke Coomes?

Hod. What haue I found thee Dicke? nay then I am for ye. Dicke, Where are ye Dicke?

Coom. What can I tell where I am?

Hod. Can ye not tell, come, come, yee waight on your mistresse well, come on your waies, I haue sought you till I am wearie, and calde ye till I am hoarse, good Lord what a iaunt I haue had this night, hey ho?

Coom. If you mistresse that came ouer mee, sbloud twere a good deed to come ouer you for this nights worke, I cannot affoorde all this paines for an angell I tell yee true, a kisse were not cast away vppon a good fellow, that hath deserued more that way then a kisse, if your kindnesse would affoorde it him, What, shall I hau't mistresse?

Hod. Fie, fie, I must not kisse my man.

Coom. Nay, nay, nere stand, shall I? shall I? no bodie sees, say but I shall, and Ile smacke ye soundly I faith.

Hod. Away bawdie man, in trueth Ile tell your maister.

Coom. My maister, go to, nere tell me of my maister, he may pray for them that may, he is past it, and for mine owne part, I can do somewhat that way I thanke God, I am not now to learne, and tis your part to haue your whole desire. *Hod.* Fie, fie, I am ashamed of you, would you tempt your mistresse to lewdnesse?

Coom. To

Coom. To lewdneſſe, no by my troth, ther's no ſuch matter in't, it is for kindneſſe, and by my troth if you like my gentle offer, you ſhall haue what courteouſly I can affoorde yee.

Hodge. Shall I indeed Dicke? I faith, if I thought no body would ſee.

Coomes. Tuſh, feare not that, ſwones they muſt haue Cattes eyes then.

Hodge. Then kiſſe me Dick.

Coomes. A kinde wenche I faith, where are ye Miſtreſſes?

Hodge. Heere Dick, o I am in the darke, Dick go about.

Coom. Nay, Ile grope ſure, where are yee? *Hodge.* Heere.

Coom. A plague on this poaſt, I would the Carpenter had bin hangd that ſet it vp for me, where are yee now?

Hodge. Heere. *Exit.*

Coom. Heere, o I come, a plague on it, I am in a pond miſtres.

Hod. Ha, ha, I haue led him into a pond, where art thou Dick?

Coomes. Vp to the middle in a pond.

Hodg. Make a Boate of thy Buckler then, and ſwim out, are yee ſo hot with a pox? would you kiſſe my miſtreſſe, coole yee there then good Dick Coomes, o when he comes foorth, the skirts of his Blew coate will drop like a paint-houſe, O that I could ſee and not be ſeene, how he would Spaniell it, & ſhake himſelfe when he comes out of the pond, but Ile be gone, for now heele fight with a flye, if he but buze in his eare. *Exit.*

Enter Coomes.

Coom. Heeres ſo hoing with a plague, ſo hang and yee will for I haue bin almoſt drownd, a pox of your lippes, and ye call this kiſſing: yee talke of a drownd Rat, but twas time to ſwim like a Dog, I had bin ſerud like a drowned Cat els, I would he had digd his graue that digd the pond, my feete were foule indeed, but a leſſe pale then a pond would haue ſerued my turne to waſhe them: a man ſhall be ſerued thus alwayes, when hee followes any of theſe females, but tis my kind heart that makes me thus forward in kindnes vnto them, well God amend thē, and make them thankfull to them that would doe them pleaſure, I am not drunke I would ye ſhould well know it, & yet I haue drunk more then wil do me good, for I might haue had a Pumpe ſet vp, with as good March Beere as this was, & neuer ſet vp an Ale buſh for the matter: wel I am ſomwhat in wroth,

I must needs say, and yet I am not more angrie then wise, nor more wise then angrie, but Ile fight with the next man I meet, and it be but for lucke sake, and if he loue to see him selfe hurt, let him bring light with him, Ile do it by darkling. Is by gods dines, well heere will I walke who soeuer sayes nay.

Enter Nicholas.

Nich. He that worse may must holde the Candle, but my Maister is not so wise as God might haue made him, hee is gone to seeke a Hayre in a Hennes nest, a Needle in a Bottle of Haye, which is as sildome seene as a blacke Swan: hee is gone to seeke my young Mistresse, and I thinke she is better lost then found, for who so euer hath her, hath but a wette Eele by the taile, but they may do as they list, the law is in their owne hands, but and they would be ruld by me, they should set her on the Leland, and bid the Diuell split her, beshrew her fingers shee hath made me watch past mine hower, but Ile watch her a good turne for it.

Cooms. How, whose that *Nicholas*? so, first come first seru'd, I am for him: how now prouerbe, prouerbe, sbloud how now prouerbe?

Nich. My name is Nicholas, Richard: and I knowe your meaning, and I hope yee meane no harme: I thanke yee I am the better for your asking.

Coom. Where haue you been a whoring thus late, ha?

Nich. Maister Richard the good wife would not seeke her daughter in the Quen vnlesse she had been there her selfe, but good Lord you are knuckle deepe in durte, I warrant when he was in, he swore Walsingham, and chaste terrible for the time, looke the water drops from you as fast as hops.

Coomes. What needst thou to care, whipper-Ienny, Tripe-cheeke, out you fat asse.

Nich. Good wordes cost nought, ill words corrupts good manners Richard, for a hasty man neuer wants woe, and I had thought you had been my friend, but I see all is not golde that glisters, ther's falshood in fellowship, *amicus certus in re certa cernitur*, time and trueth tryes all, and tis an olde Prouerbe, & not so old as true, Bought wit is the best, I can see day at a little hole, I know your minde as well as though I were within you,

tis

tis ill halting before a cripple, goe to, you seeke to quarrell, but beware of had I wist: so long goes the potte to the water, at length it comes home broken, I know you are as good a man as euer drew sword, or as was ere girt in a girdle, or as ere went on Neats leather, or as one shall see vpon a summers day, or as ere lookt man in the face, or as ere trode on Gods earth, or as ere broke bread, or drunke drinke: but he is propper that hath propper conditions, but be not you like the Cowe that giues a good sope of milke and casts it downe with his heeles, I speake plainely, for plaine dealing is a Iewell, and he that vseth it shal dye a beggar, well, that happens in an hower, that happens not in seauen yeares, a man is not so soone whole as hurt, and you should kill a man, you would kisse his: well, I say little, but I thinke the more yee Ile giue him good words, tis good to hold a candle before the diuell, yet by Gods me, Ile take no wrong, if hee had a head as big as Brasse, or lookt as high as Poules steeple.

Coom. Sirra, thou Grashoper, that shalt skip from my sword as from a Sithe, Ile cut thee out in collops and egges, in steakes, in slisse beefe, and frye thee with the fyer I shall strike from the pike of thy Bucklet.

Nich. I, brags a good dog, threatned folkes liue long.

Coomes. What say yee sir?

Nich. Why I say not so much as how do yee.

Coom. Do yee not so sir?

Nich. No indeed, what so ere I thinke, and thought is free.

Coomes. You whoreson Wafer-cake, by Gods dines Ile crushe yee for this.

Nich. Giue an inche and youle take an ell, I will not put my finger in a hole I warrant yee, what man, nere crowe so fast, for a blinde man may kill a Hayre, I haue knowne when a plaine fellow hath hurt a Fencer, so I haue: What, a man may bee as slowe as a Snaile, but as fierce as a Lyon and hee bee mooued: Indeed I am patient I must needes say, for patience in aduersitie, brings a man to the three Cranes in the Ventree.

Coomes. Do yee heere, set downe your Torche, drawe, fight, I am for yee.

Nich. And

Nich. And I am for yee too, though it be from this midnight to the next morne.

Coomes. Where be your tooles?

Nich. Within a mile of an oke sir, hee's a proud horse will not carry his owne prouender, I warrant yee.

Coom. Now am I in my quarrelling humor, and now can I say nothing but sownes draw, but Ile venture, & then haue to it.

Enter Hodge *and* Boye.

Hodge. Whose there, Boye? honest Boye, well met, where hast thou bin?

Boy. O Hodge, Dicke Coomes hath been as good as a crye of Hounds, to make a breathd Hayre of me, but didst thou see my maister?

Hodge. I met him euen now, and he askt me for thee, and he is gone vp and downe, whooing like an Owle for thee.

Boy. Owle, yee Asse.

Hodge. Asse, no nor glasse, for then it had bin Owleglasse, but whose that Boye?

Boy. By the masse tis our Coomes and Nicholas, & it seemes they are prouiding to fight.

Hodge. Then we shall haue fine sport, I faith sirra, lets stand close, and when they haue fought about or two, weele runne away with the Torche, & leaue thē to fight darkling, shall we?

Boy. Content, Ile get the Torche, stand close,

Coomes. So now my backe hath roome to reache, I doe not loue to be lac't in, when I goe to lase a rascall, I pray God Nicholas proone not a flye: it would doe me good to deale with a good man now, that wee might haue halfe a dozen good smart stroakes, ha I haue seene the day, I could haue daunst in my fight, one, two, three, foure and fiue, on the head of him: six, seauen, eyght, nine & ten, on the sides of him, and if I went so far as fifteen, I warrant I shewd him a trick of one and twentie: but I haue not fought this foure dayes, and I lacke a little practise of my warde, but I shall make a shift, ha close, are yee disposed sir?

Nich. Yes indeed, I feare no colours, change sides Richard.

Coomes. Change the gallowes, Ile see thee hangd first.

Nich. Well, I see the foole will not leaue his bable for the Tower of London.

Coomes.

Coom. Foole yee Roge, nay then fall to it.

Nich. Good Goose bite not.

Coomes. Sbloud how pursey I am, well I see exercise is all, I must practise my weapons other, I must haue a goale or two at Foote-ball, before I come to my right kinde, giue me thy hand Nicholas, thou art a better man then I tooke thee for, and yet thou art not so good a man as I.

Nich. You dwell by ill neighbours Richard, that makes yee praise your selfe.

Coomes. Why I hope thou wilt say I am a man?

Nich. Yes Ile say so, if I should see yee hangd.

Coomes. Hangd yee Roge, nay then haue at yee, sownes the light is gone.

Nich. O Lord, it is as darke as Pitche.

Coomes. Well heere Ile lye with my Buckler thus, least striking vp and downe at randall, the roge might hurt me, for I cannot see to saue it, and Ile holde my peace, least my voyce should bring him where I am.

Nich. Tis good to haue a cloake for the raine, a bad shift is better then none at all, Ile sit heere as if I were as dead as a doore naile. *Enter* M. Barnes *and* M. Goursey.

M. *Gou.* Harke, theres one holloes.

M. *Bar.* And theres another.

M. Gou. And euery where we come, I heere som[illegible]
And yet it is our haps to meete with none.

M. Bar. I maruell where your *Hodge* is, and m[illegible]

M. Gou. I and our wiues, we cannot meete with t[illegible]
Nor with the boye, nor *Mall*, nor *Franke*, nor *Phillip*:
Nor yet with *Coomes*, and yet we were stode still.
Well I am very angry with my wife,
And she shall finde I am not pleasd with her,
If we meete nere so soone, but tis my hap,
She hath had as blind a iourney out as we,
Pray God she haue, and worse if worse may be.

M. *Bar.* This is but short liu'de entie Maister *Gou[illegible]*
But come, what say yee to my pollicie?

M. Gou. I faith tis good, and we will practise it,
But sir it must be handeled cunningly,

Or all is mard, our wiues haue subtill heads,
And they will soone perceiue a drift deuise.

Enter Sir Raphe Smith.

Raphe. So ho. *M.Gou.* So ho.
Raph. Whose there? *M.Bar.* Heeres on or two.
Raph. Is Will there? *M.Bar.* No, *Phillip*?
M.Gour. Franke? *S.Raph.* No, no.
Was euer man deluded thus like me,
I thinke some spirit leads me thus amisse:
As I haue often heard, that some haue bin thus in the nights.
But yet this mases me where ere I come,
Some askes me still for *Franke* or *Phillip*,
And none of them can tell me where Will is.
Will. So ho? *Phil.* So ho. *They hollo within.*
Hodge. So ho? *Boye.* So ho?
Raph. Sownes now I heere foure hollo at the least,
One had a little voice, then thats the wench:
My man hath lost, well I will answere all, so ho.
Hodge. Whope, whope. *Raph.* Whose there will?
Hodge. No sir, honest *Hodge*: but I pray yee sir did yee not meete with a boye with a Torche, he is runne away from me a plague on him.
Raph. Hey day, from Franke and Phillip to a Torche,
And to a Boye, nay sownes then hap as twill.
M. [illegible] Who goes there?
[illegible]e heere. *M.Bar.* Phillip.
[illegible]illip, no faith, my names Will, ill will, for I was neuer [illegible]le, I was euen now with him, and might haue beene still, but that I fell into a ditch and lost him, and now I am going vp and downe to seeke him.
M.Gour. What wouldst thou doo with him.
Will. Why I would haue him go with me to my maisters.
M.*Gou.* Whose thy maister?
Will. Why sir Raphe Smith, and thether he promist me he would come, if he keepe his worde so tis.
M.*Bar.* What was a doing when thou first foundst him,
Will. Why he holloed for one Frauncis, and Frauncis hollod for him, I hallod for my maister, and my maister for me, but we

mist

miſt ſtill meeting contrary, Phillip and Francis with me & my maiſter, and I and my maiſter with Phillip and Franke.

M. Gour. Why wherefore is ſir Raphe ſo late abroade?

Will. Why he ment to kill a Bucke, Ile ſay ſo to ſaue his honeſtie, but my Nan was his marke, and he ſent me for his bow, and when I came, I hollod for him, but I neuer ſaw ſuch lucke to miſſe him, it hath almoſt made me mad.

M. Bar. Well ſtay with vs, perhaps ſir Raphe and he, Will come anon, harke I do heere one hollo.

Enter Phillip.

Phil. Is this broad waking in a winters night,
I am broad walking in a winters night:
Broad indeed, becauſe I am abroad,
But theſe broad fields me thinks are not ſo broad,
That they may keepe me foorth of narrow ditches.
Heers a hard world, for I can hardly keep my ſelf vpright in it,
I am maruellous dutifull, but ſo ho.

Will. So ho. *Phil.* VVhoſe there?

Will. Heeres will. *Phil.* What Will, how ſcapſt thou?

Will. VVhat ſir?

Phil. Nay, not hanging, but drowning,
VVert thou in a pond or a ditche?

Will. A peſtilence on it, iſt you Phillip, no faith, I was but durty a little, but heeres one or two aske for yee.

Phil. Who be they man?

M. Bar. Philip, tis I and Maiſter *Gourſey.*

Phil. Father, O Father I haue heard them ſay,
The dayes of ignorance are paſt and done,
But I am ſure the nights of ignorance
Are not yet paſt, for this is one of them,
But wheres my ſiſter?

M. Ba. Why we cannot tell. *Phil.* Wheres Francis?

M. Gour. Neither ſaw we him. *Phil.* VVhy this is fine.
VVhat neither he, nor I, nor ſhe nor you,
Nor I, nor ſhe, nor you, and I tell now,
Can meet, could meet, or ere I thinke ſhall meete,
Call ye this wooing, no tis Chriſtmas ſport of Hob mā blind,
All blind, all ſeek to catch, all miſſe: but who comes heere?

Enter Franke *and his* Boye.

Fra. O haue I cateht yee sir, it was your dooing,
That made me haue this pretty dance to night,
Had not you spoake, my mother had not scard me,
But I will swinge ye for it.

Phil. Keepe the Kings peace.

Fra. How? art thou become a Constable?
Why *Phillip* where hast thou bin all this while?

Phil. Why where you were not, but I pray whers my sister?

Fran. Why man I sawe her not, but I haue sought her as I (should seeke.

Phil. A Needle haue yee not?
Why you man are the needle that she seekes,
To worke withall, well *Francis* do you heere,
You must not answere so, that you haue sought her,
But haue yee found her, faith and if you haue,
God giue yee ioy of that ye found with her,
I saw her not, how could I finde her.

M. *Gou.* Why could yee misse from Maister *Barnes* house vnto his Cunnyberry?

Fran. Whether I could or no, father I did.

Phil. Father I did, well *Franke* wilt thou beleeue me,
Thou doost not know how much this same doth greeue me:
Shall it be said thou mist so plaine a way,
When as so faire a wenche did for thee stay.

Fra. Sownes man.

Phi. Sownes man, and if thou hadst bin blinde,
The cunny-borow thou needst must finde:
I tell thee *Francis*, had it bin my case,
And I had bin a woer in thy place,
I would haue laide my head vnto the ground,
And sented out my wenches way like a Hound:
I would haue crept vpon my knees all night,
And haue made the flint stones Linckes to giue me light,
Nay man I would.

Fran. Good Lord what you would doe,
Well we shall see one day how you can woe.

M. *Gou.* Come, come, we see that we haue all bin crost,
Therefore lets go, and seeke them we haue lost. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Mal. Am I alone? doth not my mother come?
Her torch I see not, which I well might see,
If any way she were comming toward me,
Why then belike shees gone some other way,
And may she go till I bid her turne,
Farre shall her way be then, and little faire,
For she hath hindered me of my good turne,
God send her wet and wearie ere she turne,
I had beene at Oxenford, and to morrow,
Haue beene releast from all my maidens sorrow,
And tasted ioy, had not my mother bin, —
God I beseech thee make it her woorst sinne,
How many maides this night lies in their beddes,
And dreame that they haue lost their maidenheads,
Such dreames, such slumbers I had to enioyde,
If waking mallice had not them destroyde,
A starued man with double death doth die,
To haue the meate might saue him in his eye,
And may not haue it, so am I tormented,
To starue for ioy I see, yet am preuented,
Well Franke, although thou woedst and quickly wonne,
Yet shall my loue to thee be neuer done,
Ile runne through hedge and ditch, through brakes & briers,
To come to thee, sole Lord of my desires,
Short woeing is the best, an houre, not yeares,
For long debating, loue is full of feares,
But harke, I heare one tread, o wer't my brother,
Or Franke, or any man, but not my mother.

S. Rap. O when will this same yeare of night haue end?
Long lookt for daies sunne, when wilt thou ascend?
Let not this theefe friend mistie vale of night,
Incroach on day, and shadow thy faire light,
Whilst thou com'st tardie from thy *Thetis* bed,
Blushing foorth golden haire and glorious red,
O stay not long bright lanthorne of the day,
To light my mist way feete to my right way.

Mal. It is a man, his big voyce tels me so,
Much am I not acquainted with it tho,

And yet mine eare sounds true distinguisher,
Boyes that I haue beene more familiar
With it then now I am, well, I do iudge,
It is not enuies fellon nor of grudge,
Therefore Ile plead acquaintance, hier his guiding,
And buy of him some place of close abiding,
Till that my mothers malice be expired,
And we may ioy in that is long desired, w hose there?

Ra. Are ye a maide? no question this is she,
My man doth misse, faith since she lights on me,
I do not meane till day to let her go,
For what she is my mans loue I will know,
Harke ye maide, if maide, are ye so light,
That you can see to wander in the night?

Mal. Harke ye true man, if true, I tell ye no,
I cannot see at all which way I go.

Ra. Faire maide ist so, say, had ye nere a fall?

Mal. Faire man not so, no I had none at all.

Ra. Could you not stumble on one man I pray?

Mal. No, no, such blocke till now came in my way.

Ra. Am I that blocke sweete tripe, then fall and trie.

Mal. The ground's too hard, a feather-bed, not I.

Ra. Why how and you had met with such a stumpe?

Mal. Why if he had been your height I meant to iumpe.

Ra. Are ye so nimble? *Mal.* Nimble as a Doe.

Ra. Backt in a Pie. *Mal.* Of ye.

Ra. Good meate ye know.

Mal. Ye hunt sometimes, *Ra.* I do. *Mal.* What take ye?

Ra. Deare. *Mal.* You'l nere strike rascall?

Ra. Yes when ye are there.

Mal. Will ye strike me? *Rap.* Yes, will ye strike againe?

Mal. No sir, it fits not maides to fight with men,

Ra. I wonder wench how I thy name might know.

Mal. Why you may finde it sir in the Christ crosse row.

Rap. Be my Schoolemistresse, teach me how to spell it.

Mal. No faith, I care not greatly if I tell it,
My name is *Marie Barnes.*

Ra. How wench, *Mall Barnes?* *Mal.* The verie same.

Rap. Why

Rap. Why this is straunge.

Mal. I pray sir whats your name?

Rap. Why sir Raph Smith doth wonder wench at this,
Why whats the cause thou art abroad so late?

Mal. What sir Raph Smith, nay then I will disclose,
All the whole cause to him, in him repose,
My hopes, my loue, God him I hope did send,
Our loues and both our mothers hates to end,
Gentle sir Raph if you my blush might see,
You then would say I am ashamed to be
Found like a wandring stray by such a knight,
So farre from home at such a time of night,
But my excuse is good, loue first by fate,
Is crost, controlde, and sundered by fell hate,
Franke Goursey is my loue, and he loues me,
But both our mothers hate and disagree,
Our fathers like the match, and wish it done,
And so it had, had not our mothers come,
To Oxford we concluded both to go,
Going to meete, they came, we parted so,
My mother followed me, but I ran fast,
Thinking who went from hate had need make haste,
Take me she cannot though she still pursue,
But now sweete knight, I do repose on you,
Be you my Orator and plead my right,
And get me one good day for this bad night,

Rap. Alas good heart, I pittie thy hard hap,
And Ile employ all that I may for thee,
Franke Goursey wench, I do commend thy choyse,
Now I remember I met one Francis
As I did seeke my man, then that was he,
And Philip too, belike that was thy brother, Why now I find
how I did loose my selfe, And wandring vp and downe, mistaking so, Giue me thy hand Mall, I will neuer leaue,
Till I haue made your mothers friends againe,
And purchaste to ye both your hearts delight,
And for this same one bad, many a good night,
T will not be long ere that I *Anne* will

Decke

And yet mine eare sounds true distinguisher,
Boyes that I haue beene more familiar
With it then now I am, well, I do iudge,
It is not enuies fellon not of grudge,
Therefore Ile plead acquaintance, hier his guiding,
And buy of him some place of close abiding,
Till that my mothers malice be expired,
And we may ioy in that is long desired, w hose there?

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And Ile employ all that I may for thee,
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As I did seeke my man, then that was he,
And Philip too, belike that was thy brother, Why now I find
how I did loose my selfe, And wandring vp and downe, mi-
taking so, Giue me thy hand Mall, I will neuer leaue,
Till I haue made your mothers friends againe,
And purchaste to ye both your hearts delight,
And for this same one bad, many a good night,
T will not be long ere that I worke will

Deche

Deckt in the glorie of a golden sunne,
Open the christall windowes of the East,
To make the earth enamourde of her face,
When we shall haue cleare light to see our way,
Come, night being done, expect a happie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mistresse Barnes.

Mis. Bar. O what a race this peeuish girle hath led me?
How fast I ranne, and now how wearie I am,
I am so out of breath I scarse can speake,
What shall I do? and cannot ouertake her,
Tis late and darke, and I am far from home,
May there not theeues lie watching here about,
Intending mischiefe vnto them they meete,
There may, and I am much afraide of them;
Being alone without all companie,
I do repent me of my comming foorth,
And yet I do not, they had else bene married,
And that I would not for ten times more labour,
But what a winter of colde feare I stole,
Freesing my heart least danger should betide me,
What shall I do to purchase companie?
I heare some hollow here about the fields,
Then here Ile set my torch vpon this hill,
Whose light shall be as one like conduct them to it,
They that haue lost their way seeing a light,
For it may be seene farre off in the night,
Will come to it, well, here Ile lie vnseene,
And looke who comes, and chuse my companie,
Perhaps my daughter may first come to it.

Mis. Gou. Where am I now? nay where was I euen now,
Nor now, nor then, nor where I shall be, know I,
I thinke I am going home, I may as well
Being going from home, tis so very darke,
I cannot see how to direct a step,
I lost my man pursuing of my sonne,
My sonne escapt me too, now all alone,
I am enforc'st to wander vp and downe,
Barnes wife's abroad, pray God that she,

May haue as good a daunce, nay ten times more,
Oh but I feare she hath not, she hath light
To see her way, O that same bridge would breake,
That she might fall into some deepe digd ditch,
And eyther breake her bones or drowne her selfe,
I would these mischiefes I could wish to her,
Might light on her, but soft I see a light,
I will go neere, it is comfortable,
After this nights sad spirits dulling darkenesse,
How now? what is it set to keepe it selfe?

Mis. Bar. A plague on, is she there?

Mis Gen. O how it cheares and quickens vp my thoughts.

Mis. Bar. O that it were the Basiliskes fell eye,
To poyson thee.

Mis. Gen. I care not if I take it,
Sure none is here to hinder me,
And light me home.

Mis. Bar. I had rather she were hangd,
Then I should set it there to do her good,

Mis. Gen. I faith I will.

Mis. Bar. I faith you shall not mistresse,
Ile venture a burnt finger but Ile haue it.

Mis. Gen. Yet Barnes wife would chafe if she knew,
That I had this good lucke to get a light,

Mis Bar. And so she doth but praise your lucke at parting.

Mis. Gen. O that it were her light good faith, that she,
Might darkling walke about as well as I,

Mis. Bar. O how this mads me, that she hath her wish,

Mis. Gen. How I would laugh to see her trot about.

Mis. Bar. Oh, I could crie for anger and for rage.

Mis. Gen. But who should set it here I maruile a gods name?

Mis Bar. One that will haue it from you in the diuels name,

Mis. Gen. Ile lay my life that it was Barnes sonne.

Mis. Bar. No forsooth, it was Barnes wife.

Mis. Gen. A plague vpon her, how she made me start!
Mistresse let go the torch.

Mis Bar. No but I will not,

Mis. Gen. Ile thrust it in thy face then.

Mis. Bar. But you shall not.

Mis. Gou. Let go I say.

Mis. Bar. Let you go, for tis mine,

Mis. Gou. But my possession saies it is none of thine.

Mis. Bar. Nay, I haue holde too,

Mis. Gou. Well, let go thy hold, or I will spurne thee.

Mis. Bar. Do, I can spurne thee too.

Mis. Gou. Canst thou? *Mis. Bar.* I that I can,

Enter maister Gourlie and Barnes.

M. Gou. Why how now women, how vnlike to women:
Are ye both now? come part, coome part I say.

M. Bar. Why what immodestie is this in you?
Come part I say, fie, fie,

Mis. Bar. Fie, fie, I say she shall not haue my torch,
Giue me thy torch boy, I will runne a tilt,
And burne out both her eyes in my encounter.

Mis. Gou. Giue roome and let vs haue this hot carerie.

M. Gou. I say ye shall not, wife go to, tame your thoughts,
That are so mad with furie,

M. Bar. And sweete wife,
Temper your rage with patience, doe not be
Subiect so much to such misgouernment.

Mis. Bar. shall I not fie, when such a strumpet wrongs me?

M. Gou. How, strumpet mistresse Barnes? nay I pray harke
Ioft indeed haue heard ye call her so,
And I haue thought vpon it, why ye should
Twit her with name of strumper,
Do you know any hurt by her, that you terme her so?

M. Bar. No on my life, rage onely makes her say so.

M. Gou. But I would know whence this same rage should
Where smoke, there's fier, and my heart misgiues,
My wiues intemperance hath got that name,
And mistresse Barnes, I doubt and sadly doubt,
And some great cause begets this doubt in me,
Your husband and my wife doth wrong vs both.

M. Bar. How? thinke ye so, nay maister Gourlie then
You runne in debt to my opinion,
Because you pay not such abused wisedome,

As I thinke due vnto my good conceit.
M. Gou. Then still I feare I shall your debter prooue.
Then I arrest you in the name of loue,
Not bale, but present answere to my plea,
And in the Court of reason we will trie,
If that good thoughts should beleeue iealousie.
Phil. Why looke ye mother, this is long of you,
For Gods sake father harke, why these effects
Come still from womens malice: part I pray,
Comes, Wil, and *Hodge* come all and helpe vs part them,
Father, but heare me speake one word, no more:
Franke. Father, but heare him speake, then vse your will.
Phil. Crie peace betweene ye for a little while,
Mis. Gou. Good husband heare him speake.
Mis. Bar. Good husband heare him.
Coom. Maister heare him speake, hees a good wise young stripling, for his yeares I tell ye, and perhaps may speake wiser then an elder bodie, therefore heare him.
Hodg. Maister heare and make an end, you may kill one another iniest, and be hanged in earnest.
M. *Gou.* Come let vs heare him, then speake quickly Phillip.
M. *Bar.* Thou shouldst haue don ere this, speake Phillip speak.
Mis. Bar. O Lord what hast you make to hurt your selues,
Good Phillip vse some good perswasions
To make them friends,
Phil. Yes, Ile do what I can,
Father and maister Gousey both attend,
It is presumption in so yonng a man,
To teach where he might learne or be derect,
Where he hath had direction but in dutie,
He may perswade as long as his perswase,
Is backt with reason and a rightfull fire,
Phisickes first rule is this, as I haue learned,
Kill the effect by cutting off the cause, The same effects of suffin outrages, Comes by the cause of malice in your wiues,
Had not they two bene foes, you had been friends,
And we had beene at home, and this same warre,
In peacefull sleepe had neare beene dreamed vpon

Mother, and mistresse Gourcy to make them friends,
Is to be friends your selues, you are the cause,
And these effects proceed you know from you,
Your hates giue life vnto these killing strifes,
But die, and if that enuye die in you,
Fathers yet stay, O speake, O stay a while,
Francis perswade thy mother, maister Gourcy,
If that my mother will resolue your mindes,
That tis but meere suspect, not common proofe,
And if my father sweare hees innocent,
As I durst pawne my soule with him hee is,
And if your wife vow truth and constancie,
Will you be then perswaded?
M. Gou. Phillip, if thy father will remit,
the wounds I gaue him, and if these conditions
May be performde, I banniſh all my wrath.
M. Bar. And if thy mother will but cleere me Phillip,
As I am readie to protest I am,
Then maister Gourcy is my friend againe.
Phil. Harke mother, now you heare that your desires,
May be accomplished, they will both be friends,
If you'l performe these easie articles.
Mis. Bar. Shall I be friends with such an enemie?
Phil. What say you vnto my perswasion?
Mis. Bar. I say shees my deadly enemie.
Phil. But she will be your friend if you will vow it.
Mis Bar. The words I said, What shall I eate a trueth?
Phil. Why harke ye mother.
Fran. Mother what say you?
Mis. Gou. Why this I say, she slaundered my good name.
Fran. But if she now denie it, tis no defame.
Mis. Gou. What, shall I thinke her hate will yeeld so much?
Fran. Why doubt it not, her spirit may be such,
Mis. Gou. W by will it be?
Phil. Yet stay, I haue some hope,
Mother, why mother, why heare ye,
Giue me your hand, it is no more but thus,
Tis easie labour to shake hands with her.

A little breath is spent in speaking of fuire words,
When wrath hath violent deliuerie.
M. Bar. What shall we be resolu'd?
Mis. Bar. O husband stay.
Stay Maister *Gourfey*, though your wife dooth hate me,
And beares vnto me mallice infinite,
And endlesse, yet I will respect your safeties,
I would not haue you perish by our enuies,
I must confesse that onely suspect,
And no proofe els, hath fed my hate to her.
Mis. Gou. And husband I protest by heauen and earth,
That her suspect is causles and vniust,
And that I neuer had such a vilde intent,
Harme she imaginde, where as none was ment.
Phil. Loe sir, what would yee more?
M. Bar. Yes *Phillip* this.
That I confirme him in my Innocence,
By this large vniuerse.
M. Gou. By that I sweare, Ile credit none of you, vntill I heere
Friendship concluded straight betweene them two,
If I see that they willingly will doe,
Then vile imagine all suspition ends,
I may be then assured they being friends.
Phil. Mother make full my wish, and be it so.
Mis. Bar. What shall I sue for friendship to my foe?
Phil. No if she yeeld will you? *Mis. Bar.* It may be I.
Phil. Why this is well, the other I will trie,
Come mistresse *Gourfey*, do you first agree?
Mis. Gou. What shall I yeeld vnto mine enemie?
Phi. Why if she will, will you? *Mi. Gou.* Perhaps I will.
Phil. Nay then I finde this goes well forward still:
Mother giue me your hand, giue me yours to,
Be not so loath some good thing I must doe,
But lay your Torches by, I like not them,
Come, come, deliuer them vnto your men,
Giue me your hands, so now sir heere I stand,
Holding two angrie women in my hand,
And I must please them both, I could please tone,

But it is hard when there is two to one,
Especially of women, but so so,
They shall be pleasd whether they will or no.
Which will come first? what both giue back, ha, neither?
Why then yond may helpe that come both together,
So stand still, stand but a little while,
And see how I your anger will beguile,
Well yet there is no hurt, why then let me
Ioyne these two hands, and see how their agree,
Peace, peace, they crie, looke how they friendly kisse,
Well all this while there is no harme in this,
Are not these two or twins, twins should be both alike,
If tone speakes faire, the other should not strike,
Iesus these warriours will not offer blowes,
Why then tis strange that you two should be foes,
O yes, youle say your weapons are your tongues,
Touch lip with lip and they are bound from wronge.
Go to, imbrace, and say if you be friends,
That heere the angrie womens quarrels ends.

M. Gour. Then heere it ends, if mistres *Barnes* say so.

Mist. Bar. If you say I, I dst not to say no.

M. Gour. If they be friends, by promise we agree,

M. Bar. And may this league of friendship euer be.

Phil. What sayst thou *Franke*, doth not this fall out well?

Fra. Yes if my *Mall* were heere, then all were well.

Enter Sir Raphe Smith *with* Mall.

Raph. Yonder they be *Mall*, stay, stand close and stur not
Vntill I call: God saue yee Gentlewen.

M. Bar. What sir Raphe Smith you are a welcome man,
We wondred when we heard you were abroad.

S. *Raph.* Why sir, how heard yee that I was abroad?

M. *Bar.* By your man. *Raph.* My man, where is he?

Will. Heere: *Raph.* O yee are a trustie squire,

Nich. It had bin better and he had said a sure carde.

Phil. Why sir? *Nich.* Because it is the Prouerbe,

Phil. Away yee Asse.

Nich. An Asse goes a foure legs, I go of two, Christ crosse.

Phil. Hold your tounge. *Nich.* And make no noise foe.

M. Gour. Go

M. Gar. Go to, no more adoe, gentle sir Raphe,
Your man is not in fault for missing you,
For he mistooke by vs and we by him,
Raph. And I by you, which now I well perceiue,
But tell me Gentlemen, what made yee all,
Be from your beds this night, and why thus late
Are your wiues walking heere about the fields?
Tis strange to see such women of accompt,
Heere, but I gesse some great occasion,
M. Gar. Faith this occasion sir, women will iarre,
And iarre they did to day, and so they parted,
We knowing womens malice let alone,
Will Canker like eate farther in their hearts,
Did seeke a sodaine cure, and thus it was,
A match betweene his daughter and my sonne,
No sooner motioned but was agreed,
And they no sooner saw but wooed and liked,
They haue it sought to crosse, and crosse it thus.
Raph. Fye mistresse *Barnes* and mistresse *Goursey* both,
The greatest sinne wherein your soules may sinne,
I thinke is this, in crossing of true loue,
Let me perswade yee,
Mis. Bar. Sir, we are perswaded,
And I and mistresse *Goursey* are both friends,
And if my daughter were but found again,
Who now is missing, she had my consent,
To be dispold off to her owne contentment,
Raph. I do reioyce, that what I thought to doe,
Ere I begin, I finde already done,
Why this will please your friend our Abington,
Franke, if thou seekst that way, there about finde
Her, whom I holde the comfort of thy mind.
Mall. He shall not seeke me, I will seeke him out,
Since of my mothers graunt I need not doubt.
Mi. Bar. Thy mother graunts my gyde, and she doth pray,
To send vnto you both a ioyfull day,
Hodge. Nay mistresse *Barnes*, I wish her better, that those ioyfull dayes may be turnd to ioyfull nights,

Goomes.

with this pretty wench, and tis pitty but she should
haue him.

Nich. Good mistresse Mary, when yee go to bed, God send
you good rest, and a speck of Fleas in your neck, euery one as
big as *Francis*.

Phil. Well said wisdome, God send thee wise children.

Nich. And you more money.

Phil. I, so wish I.

Nich. Twill be a good while, ere you wish your skin full of
Iet holes.

Phil. *Franke*, harke yee brother, now your wooings doone,
The next thing now you doe, is for a sonne:
I prithe, for I faith I should be glad,
To haue my selfe called vncle, and thou Dad.
Well sister, if that *Francis* play the man,
My mother must be Grandam and you Mam.
To it *Francis*, so it sister, God send yee ioy,
Tis fine to sing dansey my owne sweete boye.

Fran. Well sir I left on.

Phil. Nay sir do you leth on.

M. Bar. Well may she proouue a happy wife to him.

M. Gar. And may he proouue as happy vnto her.

S. Raph. Well Gentlemen, good hap betide them both,
Since twas my hap thus happily to meete,
To be a witnesse of this sweete contract,
I doe reioyce, wherefore to haue this ioye
Longer present with me, I do request
That all of you will be my promist guests,
This long nights labour dooth desire some rest,
Besides this wished end, therefore I pray,
Let me destine yee both dinner time:
Tell me I pray, shall I obtaine so much.

M. Bar. Gentle sir Raphe, your courtesie is such,
As may impose commaund vnto vs all,
We will be thankfull bolde at your request.

Phil. I pray sir Raph, where shall we haue
S. Raph. I faith countrie fare, mutton and veale,
Perchance a ducke or goose.
Mal. Oh I am sicke.
All. How now Mall, whats the matter?
Mal. Father and mother if you needs would know,
He nam'd a goose, which is my stomachs foe:
Phil. Come, come, she is with childe of some odiest,
And now shees sicke till that she brings it foorth.
Mal. A iest quoth you? [illegible] if it be,
I feare twill prooue an earnest to me,
Goose said ye sir? oh that same very name,
Hath in it much varietie of shame,
Of all the birds that euer yet was seene,
I would not haue them grase vpon this greene,
I hope they will not, for this crop is poore,
And they may pasture vpon greater flore,
But yet tis pittie that they let them pisse,
And like a Common bite the Muses grasse,
Yet this I feare if Franke and I should kisse,
Some creeking goose would chide vs with a hisse,
I meane not that goose that sings it knowes not what,
Tis not that hisse when one saies hist come hither,
Nor that same hisse that setteth dogges together,
Nor that same hisse that by a fier doth stand,
And hisseth T. or F. vpon the hand,
But tis a hisse, and Ile vnlace my cote,
For I should sound sure if I heard that note,
And then greene Ginger for the greene goose cries,
Serues not the nurse, I turn'd the white of eyes,
The Rosasolis yet that makes me liue,
Is fauour that these Gentlemen may giue,
But if they be displeased, then pleas'd am I,
To yeeld my selfe a hissing death to die:
Yet I hope heres none consents to kill,

[illegible] pretty wench, and sie pray her she should
[illegible]

Nich. And mistresse Mary, when yee go to bed, God send you good rest, and speck of Fleas in your nest, euery one as big as *Francis*.

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And now sheee sicke till that she brings it forth.

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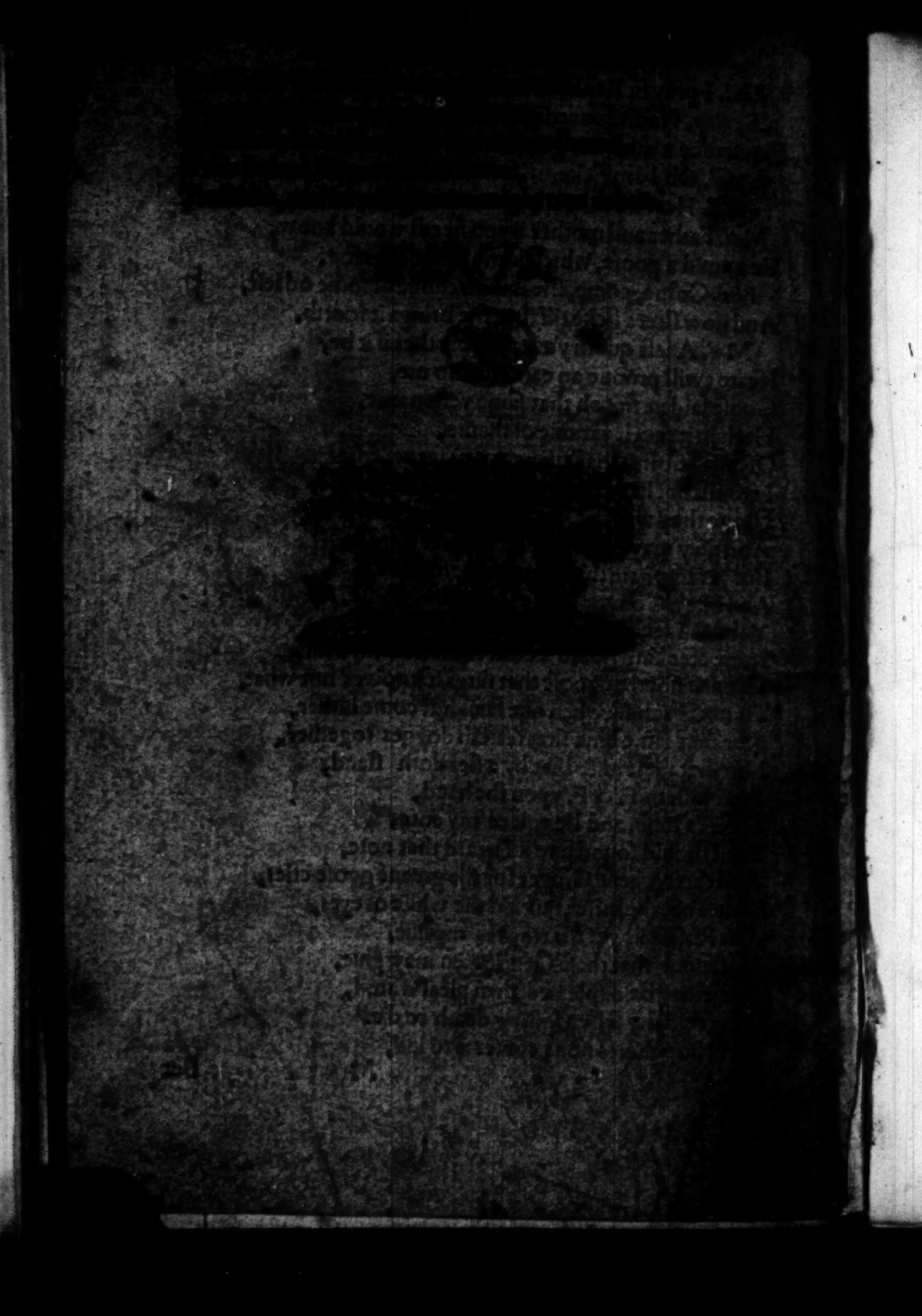
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